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THE CABINET AND IRELAND.

IT is understood that the Cabinet has for several days been anxiously considering the very serious question raised by the reign of lawlessness in a large part of Ireland. Opinions are said to be divided, and it is not likely that rumours of so circumstantial a kind are wholly wrong. But it is not known what are the precise points of difference, or what will be the ultimate decision of the Cabinet, if it contrives to exist without partial disruption. Meanwhile two Cabinet Ministers have stated their private opinions on the subject. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT have spoken at great length and with complete freedom at Birmingham, and have informed their constituents that, although coercion is permissible and necessary in conceivable circumstances, the occasion for coercion has not yet arisen. The Irish have grievances, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN contends; and as, according to constitutional theory, redress of grievances comes before Supply, so, by some odd analogy, redress of grievances ought to come before locking people up in prison. Mr. BRIGHT contented himself with remarking that force was no remedy, and that the bad things said to be going on in Ireland were, he felt sure, much exaggerated. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, seems to have convinced himself that, after every possible deduction for exaggeration is made, enough remains to show that a considerable portion of Ireland is in a most terrible state. The plain fact is, that the question which the Government has to decide is not whether the disturbed districts shall go on under ordinary law, but whether they shall go on under no law at all. Law has no meaning unless it stops or punishes assassination, menaces of death, tyrannical dictation, violent assaults, destruction of property, the interruption of the peaceable intercourse of peaceable men. Of law in this sense there is no trace in the disturbed districts. It has been hoped that the reign of ordinary law might be restored by one or both of two means, but these hopes have been crushed altogether. The leaders of the Land League have been prosecuted, and it was considered possible that such terror might have been struck into their minds and the minds of their subordinates that the League would dwindle away for want of guidance. Nothing of the kind has happened, and a Roman Catholic ARCHBISHOP has forwarded a contribution to the PARNELL Defence Fund, on the express ground that, as the prosecution has had no political effect whatever, it must be regarded as merely starting a curious legal point, and he should like to have the side of the defence properly argued. It was also imagined that the Irish might be so touched with gratitude to the Liberal Government for its good intentions towards them that they would help their friends by behaving well. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was very earnest on this head. May we not entreat, he said, and even demand, that the Irish shall do something for us who are ready to do so much for them? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is quite entitled to entreat and demand as much as he likes, but it is quite certain that the Liberal party has been urging this plea for months, and that the Irish wrongdoers have not paid the slightest attention to it. Ordinary law has failed, a mild prosecution has failed, the gratitude that expects favours to come has failed. What Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT really mean is that, in their opinion, a large portion of Ireland shall go on without any law at

all until the Government has had time to frame, to propose, and to ensure the success of, a new Land Bill.

There are some objections to coercion on which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT did not touch, or touched very lightly, but which deserve notice. Force, Mr. BRIGHT said, is no remedy. This is only very partially true. Force does not redress grievances, and it does not cure disaffection. But it does remedy the particular evil which it is intended to remedy. It prevents the commission of crime; it puts an end to the open tyranny of lawlessness; it encourages those who are willing to abide by the law. And it also acts in another way. It counteracts the contagion of lawlessness. It prevents anarchy and impunity going hand in hand and bringing over the indifferent mass to what seems the winning side. It is with great reluctance that wise men have recourse to coercion, and it is most necessary to see that force is only used to such an extent and in such a way that the objects sought to be attained are attained, and that no more is attained. A White Terror is as bad as a Red Terror; but this is only to say that force may be abused, not that force within rigid limits cannot remedy such an evil as that which now exists in the disturbed districts—the evil of ordinary law being powerless. Then it is said that it would be a very tedious and difficult business to get a Coercion Bill through Parliament. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BRIGHT very properly took no notice of this objection. It is not for Cabinet Ministers to say that Parliament will not do its duty, will not listen to the Government, will not put down wanton obstruction. The difficulties of Parliamentary procedure may embarrass any Government on any subject; but a Government that thinks a thing ought to be done cannot avoid asking Parliament to do it on the mere speculation that Parliament will give it some trouble; otherwise it announces that it despairs altogether of the Parliamentary system. Lastly, it is urged that in this particular instance coercion cannot possibly effect the proposed object. Mr. DILLON, for example, has busied himself with anticipating and providing against coercion, and declares that, if a hundred leading members of the Land League were arrested, there would be another hundred to take their places and keep up the existing tyranny in all its rigour. For once in a way history does really teach by examples. We do not, strictly speaking, know what would be the effect of coercion in the districts now disturbed, but we do know what were its effect in instances precisely similar. In 1871 Lord HARTINGTON brought in his Bill to put down Ribandism in Westmeath, Meath, and King's County. His Bill passed, and Ribandism was put down by its leaders being frightened away. The description which Lord HARTINGTON then gave of Ribandism was this:—"Such a state of terrorism prevails that the Society has only to issue its edict to secure obedience; nor has it even to issue its edict; its laws are so well known, and an infringement of them is followed so regularly by murderous outrage, that few can treat them with defiance. Riband law exerts such power that no landlord dare exercise the commonest rights of property; no farmer or other employer dare exercise his own judgment or discretion as to whom he shall employ; in fact, so far does the influence of the Society extend, that a man scarcely dare enter into open competition in the fairs or markets with

"any one known to belong to the Society." There is nothing new in the Land League. Every word applied by Lord HARTINGTON to Westmeath is now applicable to Mayo. The evil that existed then was not merely something like that which exists now. It was absolutely identical; and the remedy that proved effectual then may be expected to prove effectual now.

The Government is preparing a new Land Bill; and Mr. BRIGHT, like Mr. GLADSTONE, is confident that the Bill, when seen, will be at once recognized as satisfying the reasonable expectations of every one. If such a Bill can be framed, there is not the slightest reason to suppose it will not receive the patient, and even indulgent, consideration of both Houses of Parliament. If grievances, real serious grievances, suffered by Irishmen, are proved, Englishmen, in spite of their disgust and horror at the prevailing anarchy, will be ready to redress them. If a case of justice is made out, justice will be done. If a plea of equity is put forward, the ear of England will be open to the plea. If money is to be found, and it can be shown that, if spent, it will do lasting and great good, and that to find it is not to do injustice to the English taxpayer and to demoralize the Irish tax-spender, the money will be forthcoming. But it must be said that at present no one has been able to give even the faintest outlines of such a measure. Every now and then an amateur offers a scheme for an Irish Land Bill, but there are two facts which may be observed as to all these schemes. Every amateur glides over the difficulties of his proposal, and no amateur agrees with another. Still, if such a Bill can be devised by the Government, there will be every disposition to welcome it. But what Parliament will demand is that the measure shall be at once equitable and efficacious. It must do justice all round; it must offer a fair promise of redressing all the mischief with which it deals; and it must avoid creating new mischiefs as bad as or worse than those it remedies. Every day shows curious and unexpected difficulties, which the framers of such a Bill will have to overcome. One of the points for which Mr. BRIGHT most earnestly contends is that a large part of the disquiet in Ireland is due to the land being held by large proprietors. Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL has been studying and writing about the LANSDOWN estates, and he thinks the rents have been unduly raised. But what induced the tenants to acquiesce in the raising of their rents? It was the threat held out by the agent that Lord LANSDOWN would sell his estates, and the tenants would pay anything rather than get into the hands of small men. In another case Lord LOUGH let some land to a tenant at 10*l.* 10*s.* a year. The tenant sublet it for 26*l.*, and had the audacity to ask and obtain from Lord LOUGH a reduction of his rent in consequence of bad times, and then refused any reduction to his sub-tenant. A Land Bill that prevents the rich from grinding the poor will do little for Ireland; it must prevent the poor from grinding the poor, if it is to be efficacious, and to ensure this is a very difficult task. The Bill of the Government must, to succeed, be the fruit of long, patient, wide-reaching study. No Government that ever existed could frame a good Irish Land Bill, if such a Bill is possible, without long deliberation. The Disturbance Bill of last Session failed, not because, as Mr. BRIGHT thinks, the Lords always reject every Bill they ought to pass, but because it was obviously ill considered, and was the fruit of a sudden impulse. If anarchy is to continue in the disturbed districts until the Government bring in a Land Bill, then, if the time is short, the Land Bill will be necessarily a Bill to which proper attention has not been given. If the time is long enough to permit the Bill being adequately considered, it will be so long that this continuance of unpunished lawlessness will be a standing reproach to England and a curse to Ireland, far worse than the most bitter critics of the Irish can think they ought to be permitted to endure.

#### EASTERN AFFAIRS.

**T**HE SULTAN, although he has failed to keep his promise to the LORD MAYOR, has since the date of his Guildhall message assured the English and German AMBASSADORS that Dulcigno will be surrendered without delay. It would be rash to rely too implicitly on the occurrence of an event which has been so long postponed; but, on the whole, the chances seem to be in favour of compliance with the undertaking repeatedly given by Turkey.

DERVISH PASHA is supposed to be more resolute and more thoroughly in earnest than his predecessor; he has a large force of regular troops; and he seems to have persuaded some of the Albanian chiefs to abandon further resistance. The most convincing argument which he could employ would be an announcement that he is authorized to use force if the commands of the SULTAN are not peaceably obeyed. The garrison of Dulcigno has hitherto been expected to retire before the Montenegrins, who declined to advance, under coercion from the combined fleet which was neither to land troops nor to bombard the town, and at the instance of a Turkish general who considered that he was not authorized to fire on loyal subjects of the SULTAN. The fleet has for some time past suspended the so-called demonstration, and nothing has been heard of the Montenegrin army; but the SULTAN seems at last to be bent on the fulfilment of the treaty, in spite of the real or pretended obstacles which were placed in the way of his Government by provincial patriotism. It is not improbable that the Albanian League, which has often furnished the dilatory diplomatists of Turkey with an excuse, may of late have caused real embarrassment. The closeness and permanence of the bond which unites the different Albanian tribes is doubtful; but, as they acquire the habit of acting together, they may probably become jealous of attacks directed against any part of their territory. As the SULTAN is likely to need the aid of the Southern Albanians against the Greeks, he is probably cautious of offending the feelings of those who border on Montenegro. If the complicated difficulties of the case are at last surmounted, the boasted concert of Europe will not have been wholly ineffective. The SULTAN will probably console himself for his final submission to a just demand by the consciousness that he has proved his capacity to be still troublesome to Europe. He has in the course of the negotiations ascertained that he will for the present be secure against naval demonstrations as soon as he has surrendered Dulcigno.

In accordance with the latest exposition of his policy, Mr. GLADSTONE will not engage in any separate adventure for the benefit of oppressed nationalities. His undoubted good will to the Greeks will probably exhibit itself in the form of advice to abstain for the present from aggression. They have a legal right to some extension of territory, inasmuch as more than one Turkish Commission has been appointed to discuss the line of a new frontier. A still stronger moral claim is founded on national and religious sympathy with the population of the border provinces; and prudent politicians are reasonably anxious to strengthen the only State in South-Eastern Europe which is likely to pursue an independent policy. Mr. GLADSTONE repeated at the Guildhall the expression of his belief that the Greek claims would be conceded by Turkey, if they were heartily supported by the Great Powers; but the condition is not at present satisfied, and the Greeks are warned that they are not to expect a separate alliance with England. They have no other foundation for reasonable hopes of success. Russia has never been enthusiastic in their cause, and the other Continental Powers care much more for the maintenance of peace than for the substitution of Orthodox for Mahometan rule. Prince BISMARCK is reported to have said that he should be glad to see the Greeks beat the Turks as their ancestors defeated the Persians; but in the present day the barbarians are more disciplined and more recently injured to war than the Greeks; and their cause is better than that of XERXES, because they have for several centuries held possession of the disputed territory. There is reason to believe that the representatives of Germany, of Austria, and of France have, in similar or identical terms, cautioned the Ministry of Athens against the adoption of an aggressive policy. Good advice becomes exceptionally impressive when it proceeds from powerful Governments. Mr. GLADSTONE has probably been disappointed by the concurrence of France in the resolutions of Germany and Austria; but the Western Powers could not in any case have prudently engaged in a diplomatic conflict with two Empires which were deeply interested in maintaining the present state of Turkey.

It is reported that the Chamber at Athens has been engaged in animated debates, but the issues on which the Government and the Opposition are contending are but imperfectly understood. The party of Mr. TRICOUPI and the supporters of the present Government profess equal



egerness for war; and it may be remembered that the King's call to arms in his speech at the opening of the Session preceded in time the change of Ministry. The armaments, which seem to furnish an additional argument for the conflict which they were designed to sustain, began several months ago, and they are still far from completion. It is probable that, although both parties may use equally warlike language, one of them really desires to postpone a dangerous and doubtful struggle. Sound patriotism is sometimes tempted or compelled to disguise itself by acquiescence in popular prejudice. The resignation of the late Ministers may probably have been caused by their unwillingness to take the decisive step of declaring war; and, if so, their Parliamentary efforts will be directed to avoidance of an immediate rupture. Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS has once more assured an English newspaper Correspondent that the political and financial consequences of a retrograde policy would be more perilous than the hazards of delay. The Ministry also announces that a large loan has already been arranged; and, if the statement is true, the terms of the bargain will undoubtedly be onerous. Nevertheless, peace, however unpalatable, must be cheaper than war; and there seems to be no reason to fear any display of popular resentment, except perhaps a demand for another change of Ministry. Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS himself lately acknowledged that many of the recent recruits are as yet wholly uninstructed. It would be at the same time cruel and unwise to expose raw troops to an encounter with a formidable enemy; and defeat would produce a far deeper feeling of indignation than any temporizing policy. An acute community must well understand the reasons which may deter the Government from executing impracticable threats. A communication to the Chamber of the advice which has probably been tendered by friendly Courts could scarcely fail to have due weight with rational politicians.

The decision between peace and war may perhaps not rest absolutely with the Greek Ministry. The Turks, if they think war advisable, will be fully justified in anticipating a rupture which the enemy loudly proclaims as imminent. A belligerent is not bound to wait for the convenience of an adversary who makes no secret of his hostile purpose. Perhaps Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS may intentionally provoke an attack on the part of Turkey, in the hope of securing foreign sympathy and aid in defending his country from attack. It is also possible that the struggle may be begun, without authority from either Government, by irregular bands on the border of Thessaly and Epirus. Neither the Greek nor the Turkish Government would think itself bound to repress the zeal of undisciplined patriots, even if they were bent rather on plunder than on conquest. A local war once commenced would lead to the despatch of reinforcements, and eventually to the advance of both armies to the scene of action. It is not known whether the Turkish Government has made any considerable preparations for war, or even whether it will seriously defend those parts of its territory which it has from time to time offered to cede. A Greek force in Thessaly and in the south-east of Epirus would have the great advantage of acting in the midst of a friendly population. It is in the execution of the disputed portion of the Berlin award that insuperable difficulties will probably occur. In defending Janina, Prevesa, and Metzovo, the Turkish Government will be warmly supported by the Albanians, who are probably, even in the absence of regular troops, more than a match for a Greek invader. The local resistance of the tribes would not be hampered by the diversion which is probably anticipated to arise from insurrections in the neighbouring provinces.

#### M. DE FREYCINET AND THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

**M.** DE FREYCINET has made his explanation, and, after all, nothing has been explained. It is not given to every Minister to evince the delightful candour which characterizes Lord DERBY on leaving office; but the circumstances of this particular retirement were so exceptional that the most scrupulous reticence might be expected to give way when once M. DE FREYCINET was on his legs. M. DE FREYCINET proved himself to be possessed of a quite extraordinary faculty of defeating expectation.

He first excited the curiosity of the Senate by announcing his intention to speak just when M. FERRY was making him the subject of a complimentary, but inaccurate, reference; and then, when his turn came, he delivered a speech which was quite to the purpose as a justification of the policy he had proposed to carry out, but not the least to the purpose as a justification of his own conduct in regard to that policy. M. DE FREYCINET gave the fullest and most conclusive reasons why he had refrained from dispersing the rest of the orders after he had dispersed the Jesuits. He showed why he had thought it prudent to hold his hand, and to what good advantage he had employed his time while holding it. He maintained that the distinction between the Jesuits, who were to be dispersed at a date fixed in the Decree, and the other orders, who were to be dispersed at a date to be chosen by the Government, represented a distinction in the tasks laid upon the Minister. His business was to disperse the Jesuits and to bring the other orders into subjection to the State. Dispersion was to be really applied to the Jesuits, while the remaining orders were only to be threatened with it. The only way of extorting any kind of submission from the orders was to open negotiations with the Vatican; and M. DE FREYCINET asks, with great pertinence, what is the use of having a Concordat, keeping an Ambassador at the Vatican, and receiving a Nuncio at Paris, if, when questions of common interest arise, the French Government is not to negotiate with the POPE. There is a party in France which desires the abolition of the Concordat, the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship, and the separation of Church and State. They, as M. DE FREYCINET says, are logical. But it is not logical to desire the maintenance of the Concordat, to argue against the separation of Church and State, and yet to treat the head of the Catholic Church as though he did not exist. This is a neat and well-deserved thrust at M. GAMBETTA. M. GAMBETTA has committed himself with more positiveness than he has often shown of late to the doctrine that the Church is too dangerous a power to be allowed her freedom. He desires the retention of the Concordat, because he holds that it gives the State an advantage which it would greatly miss if the Concordat were abolished. Yet the persons and journals usually supposed to express M. GAMBETTA's mind were markedly hostile to M. DE FREYCINET's negotiation with the POPE. In spite of the treaty, in spite of the Ambassador, in spite of the Nuncio, they thought it degrading to the French Government to have any dealings with the head of the Catholic Church. M. DE FREYCINET took care, however, to add that his colleagues in the Cabinet did not take this view. There was not one of them, he said, who had not wished him success in the steps he was taking. Nor did any difference arise in the course of the negotiations. The POPE was conciliatory from the first; the orders, under pressure from the Vatican, became conciliatory. The orders were to make a declaration which should give the Government an excuse for postponing further action until the meeting of the Chambers, and as soon as the Session began the Government undertook to bring in a Bill to regulate the right of association, under which the orders might apply for recognition. Upon all these points the Cabinet was, to all appearance, united, and M. DE FREYCINET hints that it would have remained united but for his speech at Montauban. After that, he says, difficulties arose. Now, as the part of this speech which referred to the religious orders was only a statement of the policy which had already been agreed to by the Cabinet, the natural inference is that the cause of these difficulties is to be sought elsewhere. M. DE FREYCINET's Cabinet was broken up from without, not from within. The dissentient Ministers did not discover that they disapproved of his policy until they had first discovered that it was disapproved of by a great personage outside. M. DE FREYCINET gave no hint of this beyond the solitary and significant reference to his Montauban speech. He was as unwilling as M. FERRY had before professed himself to gratify the lovers of anecdote, and he accordingly contented himself with the statement, as damaging to M. FERRY as anything that could well have been said, that the whole Cabinet had been acquainted with what was going on between the Government and the Vatican, and that it was only when the policy they had assented to was made public that they saw any reason for withdrawing their consent.

There is another question upon which M. DE FREYCINET must be able to say much that would be interesting, had

he not upon this point also imposed on himself the rule of silence. If he had held any post but that which he did hold, his resignation would have been quite intelligible. He would simply have proposed a certain policy to the Cabinet, have secured its acceptance in the first instance, and then have failed to remove the later scruples of his colleagues. But this is not the process ordinarily followed when the proposer of a policy is the Prime Minister. In that case, if the consent which at first seemed to be that of the whole Cabinet, proves in the end to be only that of a part of the Cabinet, it is the dissentients who retire. They find themselves unable on reflection to adopt the Prime Minister's views, and they place their resignations in his hands. In the recent change of Ministry in France this process was entirely reversed. Instead of the dissentient Ministers placing their resignations in the hands of M. DE FREYCINET, M. DE FREYCINET may be said to have placed his resignation in the hands of the dissentient Ministers. There was never perhaps a Ministerial crisis in which the parts were so completely reversed. The malcontents in the Cabinet had the mastery from the first. This is the more remarkable because there is some reason to believe that M. GRÉVY was of the same way of thinking as M. DE FREYCINET, and if so he might, had he chosen, have retained M. DE FREYCINET in office, and filled up the places of M. FERRY and M. CONSTANS. It seems likely, however, that he must have given M. DE FREYCINET a hint to retire, because the PRIME MINISTER would hardly deprive the PRESIDENT of his services on no better ground than the necessity he was under of parting company with some of his colleagues. He must surely have given the PRESIDENT his choice in the matter, and have left it to him to say whether he would begin the reconstruction of the Cabinet at the top or at the bottom. If so, it must be supposed that M. GRÉVY used the opportunity of choice thus afforded, and determined that M. DE FREYCINET should go and that M. FERRY should remain. It is pretty clear, therefore, that the President of the REPUBLIC is no more his own master under the present order of things than the PRIME MINISTER. Each has to bear his burden and to receive his orders. Whether M. DE FREYCINET was willing to remain Minister in spite of M. GAMBETTA had M. GRÉVY wished it, or M. GRÉVY was willing to retain M. DE FREYCINET in spite of M. GAMBETTA had M. DE FREYCINET wished it, are points which the debate in the Senate has made no clearer than they were before.

The French Conservatives have lately heard some very plain truths from an unexpected quarter. They have certainly not been seen to much advantage during the recent conflicts between the police and the religious orders. A genuine street riot, caused by the inability of the authorities to restrain an expression of popular sympathy with the dispossessed monks, might have served the turn of the Opposition very well; but nothing was to be gained by undignified struggles with officers who were only obeying orders. An article in the *Figaro* professes to give the reason why this kind of demonstration has been so much in favour with the Right. They only care, it seems, for politics when some amusement is to be got out of them. They will go in crowds to see a scene in the Chamber, or to dinner at Chambord, or to a barricade set up in a monastery. It is the dull work of politics that they dislike—the quiet endeavours to undo the injustice wrought by the Government, which, if persevered in, would in the end do more than anything to impress the French people. The way in which M. SAINT-GENEST would have had them meet the Decrees would have been by at once providing asylums for the dispossessed monks, employment for the functionaries who had given up their places rather than be instrumental in dispossessing them, and schools for the children whom the monks are no longer there to teach. But, as in so many other instances, the men who are constantly proclaiming their resolution to endure this or that extremity, cannot endure to put their hands in their pockets. That is an operation out of which no amusement is to be got. They prefer to talk about “children without a God and monks without a home,” and to leave both to shift for themselves. This is not the way to convince the French nation that the religious part of it is really in earnest, and unless this conviction can be created, M. SAINT-GENEST is of opinion that the religious and Conservative part of the nation is in a fair way to be eaten up by the Radicals. M. SAINT-GENEST regrets the approaching catastrophe, but he is not surprised at it, nor

does he affect to think that it is undeserved. The Conservatives have become a party of mere talk, and in so severely Radical a world as France is now, a party of mere talk has no chance of living.

#### THE IRISH ANARCHISTS.

ALTHOUGH it is difficult to determine when fallacies are too gross for refutation, it may perhaps be desirable to expose the perverse pretence that the present Irish agitation is in any sense constitutional or legitimate. Mr. PARNELL, indeed, has on more than one occasion asserted that the organization of the Land League furnishes a substitute for agrarian murder. It would not, as he declared, have been necessary to assassinate Mr. BOYD if a branch of the League had been previously established in the district. The demagogues have sometimes compared their conspiracy with the operations of Trade-Unions, or with the proceedings of the Corn Law League of five-and-thirty years ago; but it may be doubted whether they really wish to convince their followers that they confine themselves within the limits of the law. The leaders are not careful to rebuke their accomplices who publicly threaten the landlords with “leaden pills,” or announce that five hundred thousand men in America would die happy if each could first have shot a Saxon. The apologists of the League in England, addressing a different audience, seek to extend to the Land League the toleration which has been enjoyed by many more or less factious clubs and associations. A knot of fussy and obscure admirers of anarchy have instituted a little society of their own for the professed purpose of securing impunity to the promoters of the Land League. In their profession of principles they announce that organized agitation is the best security against crimes of violence. The most conspicuous member of the new Club is a lady who has often exhibited the distinctive peculiarities of the limited class to which she thinks fit to belong. The combination of feminine logic with masculine obtuseness of perception seems to constitute the political variety of the strong-minded woman. There is reason to fear that the promoters of the movement may be disappointed of the interview for which they have applied to Mr. GLADSTONE. If, through an excess of courtesy, he should grant their request, he will perhaps explain to them the meaning of constitutional agitation.

During the earlier stage of his agitation for Repeal O'CONNELL embarrassed the Government of the day by incessant repetition of the argument that petitions for the repeal of an Act of Parliament were presented in exercise of an acknowledged constitutional right. He further contended that combinations for a lawful purpose were necessarily legitimate; and, although his meetings and his speeches brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion, he provided plausible excuses for English politicians who found it convenient to excuse or vindicate his conduct. The managers of the Land League, instead of following the precedent established by O'CONNELL, pass by Parliament in their direct and avowed prosecution of their lawless purposes. They avow their intention of abolishing “landlordism,” or the ownership of land demised to occupying tenants, and they urge their followers at once to withhold payment of rent, or of the excess of rent beyond a standard arbitrarily fixed. The rack-rent which they denounce is an undisputed debt; and instigation to refuse the discharge of legal obligations would be a crime even if compliance with the counsels of the agitators were intended to be exclusively voluntary. A still more fundamental doctrine of the Land League is that no member of the body, and, it may be added, no other person, shall occupy land vacated by eviction on account of non-payment of rent. The laws enacted by the multitude on the proposal of Mr. PARNELL and his associates are to be professedly enforced by the formidable machinery of social excommunication, with the well-understood supplement, in case of disobedience, of mutilation of cattle, of bodily torture, of arson, and of murder. Combination for such objects by such methods will only cease to be unlawful when all known or imaginable laws are repealed. Instead of applying to Parliament for the relief of alleged grievances, Mr. PARNELL tells the multitude that it must legislate for itself, in the assurance that Parliament must hereafter recognize and sanction a spoliation which has once



been effected. O'CONNELL's case would be analogous if, instead of expressing a belief that the Act of Union would be repealed, he had openly advised a refusal of obedience to the existing authorities, and assured his followers that Parliament would recognize a successful revolt.

The atrocious conspiracy which has been organized against an agent in Mayo merely because he has discharged his duty to his employer has so far pleased the fancy of his savage persecutors as both to furnish a precedent of oppression, and to add a new word to the jargon of anarchy. At a late meeting of one of the branches it was resolved to "Boycott" fourteen persons who are thought to have offended against the legislation of the League. Some are probably landlords or agents, or tenants who have taken prohibited land. The remainder may be tradesmen, or workmen, or private enemies of some of the local agitators. All these victims of intolerable cruelty are to be excluded from all the intercourse of life like heretics in the worst part of the dark ages. On pain of sharing their sufferings, or of still worse evils, no servant or labourer is to work for them; no tradesman is to sell them the necessities of life; no dealer is to buy their produce; and if, without an explicit sentence, any of them should meet with a violent death, they may be well assured that no witness of the crime will be forthcoming. Since the time of the French Convention and of the Jacobin Club no more abominable organization of lawless tyranny has been witnessed. Provision has been made for even the rare and improbable contingency of the apprehension of assassins. Mr. BIGGAR lately announced that the League would bear the cost of defending such prisoners, because, as he said amid the sympathetic laughter of the audience, he might perhaps be innocent. The League would never trouble itself about his peril if he were known to be innocent. Mr. PARNELL loudly complained of certain precautions which the police had taken to prevent tampering with witnesses in the case of Mr. BOYD. Any interference with the ruffians who execute the informal decrees of the League is intolerable to the virtual principals.

The prosecution of the leaders, though it may too probably be abortive, is, as might be expected, a subject of indignation and menace. Mr. DILLON, the former apologist of cattle-maiming, and one of the defendants, has the audacity to recommend that the landlords shall be held responsible for the immunity of the chief conspirators from punishment. One peculiarity of the constitutional agitation is a claim to be above the law. The accomplices outside are to take hostages from the Government, and the landlords are within easy reach. It is true that, after threatening the landlords in general terms, Mr. DILLON speaks of an attack, not on their persons, but on their pockets. If his advice is literally followed, rent is to be wholly withheld till Mr. DILLON and his confederates are acquitted. A more liberal interpretation of the proposal will suggest itself to the popular mind. The landlords who are to be robbed or murdered in retaliation for the proceedings of the Government have no control over its policy. If they had been consulted the majority of them would probably have recommended an entirely different course of action, though it may be admitted that precautionary measures and summary justice would be less acceptable to the offenders than a doubtful appeal to a jury. Mr. DILLON's speech illustrates the invariable tendency of lawlessness to become more and more violent and unscrupulous. If there is any truth in O'CONNELL's maxim that he who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy, the enemies of the Land League, or, in other words, the respectable portion of the community, ought to have accumulated a large reserve of strength which has not yet been expended on its behalf by the Government. There is some reason to believe that, in spite of malignant pedants and strong-minded women, opinion in England is rapidly becoming unanimous. The long hesitation of the Government has probably had the effect of straining the patience of those who still retain any regard for law or for liberty. Even the Birmingham Association expresses disapproval of the conduct of the Land League, though it of course thinks it necessary at the same time to protest against the law and the tenure of land. It is less surprising that Lord CORK should have expressed at Bristol the probably well-founded opinion that the Land League agitation has but little to do with any wrongs which may have been formerly inflicted on Ireland. The contrary proposition is maintained by a writer of a pamphlet who has succeeded in eliciting one

of Mr. GLADSTONE's effusive expressions of gratitude. Of one slight oversight Mr. GLADSTONE mildly complains. An account in the pamphlet of the Land Act casually omitted all mention of the compensation for disturbance which was not unreasonably considered by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues the most important provision of the Act. Germs of future legislation which were invisible in 1870 are about to expand freely, if their vegetation is not checked by the contemptuous rejection of the whole system by the Land League. In the most innocent part of his last speech Mr. DILLON declared that the Land Act is not to be extended, but to be abolished altogether.

#### THE LAHORE DURBAR.

THE political characteristics of Englishmen have no doubt undergone some change of late years, yet there are some which continue to show themselves with unvarying constancy. Among these perhaps almost the first place is due to a certain impatience of important questions after they have reached a given stage. "Let us hear no more of it" is the familiar phrase which expresses this feeling, and as an illustration of the feeling itself nothing could well be more striking than the little attention which has been paid to Lord RIPON's reported utterances at the recent Durbar at Lahore. A very few months ago Afghanistan was sufficiently frequent in the months of men. It certainly cannot be said that the brilliant success achieved by General ROBERTS—whose arrival in England almost at the same moment that the news of Lord RIPON's speech came to us might have been thought likely to recall public attention to the subject—ended the Afghan question. On the contrary, that question is in a more difficult, if not a more actively troublesome, condition than ever. The singular combination of resolution and irresolution which made Mr. GLADSTONE's Government decide to hold Candahar during the winter without following up the advantage of the 1st of September, and without finally determining the future status of the city itself, has produced its natural fruit. AYOUB has plucked up his spirit and is recruiting his forces in Herat; ABDURAHMAN is holding his own, and not more than holding his own, at Cabul; the tribes of the centre are once more thinking of openly avowing their allegiance to YAKOOB, the only chief whom they have really favoured. At any moment the country may be in a blaze again, and though there is no longer much danger of a repetition of the disasters of the summer, the announced retreat from the Kurum deprives us of the last chance of effectively and speedily quenching a conflagration. The policy of holding or of evacuating Afghanistan must always be a question rather for experts possessed of local knowledge than for critics at a distance. But critics at a distance are entitled to say that a policy of shilly-shally between the two can have only one result.

It is this moment that Lord RIPON has chosen for the announcement that he intends to return to the policy of Lord LAWRENCE, and that in the future internal development is to occupy the attention mainly, if not exclusively, of the Government of India. A reporter with a nice sense of distinctions has called this "virtually a manifesto"; we shall take the liberty of discarding whatever limitation may be intended by the use of the adverb. It is a manifesto, and one of the gravest import. Pointed reference was made, it seems, to a Durbar held by the late Lord LAWRENCE in 1864; and it appears to have been implied, or stated, that the last sixteen years were to be regarded as a regrettable "loop" in Indian policy. In making use of such allusions Lord RIPON must have known very well what would be inferred from his words. It does not very much matter what the policy of the late Lord LAWRENCE actually was. It matters very much what construction has been placed on that policy in recent political controversy. That construction is sufficiently well known. For a Liberal Viceroy of India to announce his return to the policy of Lord LAWRENCE means that the policy which Mr. GLADSTONE's last Government instructed Lord NORTHBROOK to carry out is to be enforced to the utmost. What happens outside the frontiers is to be a matter of no moment, or of a languid diplomatic interest only, to the Governments at home and in the peninsula. India is, if possible, to be developed—that is to say, the lamb is to be carefully fattened; but the eyes of the shepherd are to be as carefully averted from any con-

sideration of the neighbourhood of the wolf, and the state of the walls of the fold. Just before he made these remarkable utterances Lord RIXON had been reviewing an imperfectly victorious, but still a victorious, army, to which he had paid merited compliments. But his statements at the Durbar, if not exactly a slight upon that army, amount to an insinuation that it is a somewhat superfluous instrument. All that Indian statesmen have got to do is to attend to home affairs and to let foreign affairs alone. A few months, if General SKOBELEFF's calculations are not wrong, may place him within a stone's throw, metaphorically speaking, of Northern Afghanistan; and Northern Afghanistan is divided between a declared foe of England who has been allowed to escape almost scot-free after affixing a terrible disgrace upon us, and a very uncertain friend, whose good will and power are equally doubtful. Barely three months have passed since the ease with which a hostile army, heavily equipped with artillery, can pass from the frontiers of Turkestan to the immediate neighbourhood of the frontiers of India was proved to demonstration. But all these things have apparently had no effect on Lord RIXON, or on those whose mind he speaks. True, the presence of ten thousand British troops (at least, ten thousand on paper) at Candahar seems to show that internal development is somehow or other not the only thing which must occupy an Indian Government. But this is ignored. The policy of the ostrich, and something more than the policy of the ostrich, is again openly avowed. The angry political inflammation which at the present moment extends over half Asia attracts none of Lord RIXON's attention. He speaks, apparently, as if profound peace reigned in Persia, in the desert, in Afghanistan, on the frontiers of China. He has nothing to do but to cultivate his garden; and spades and navy's gear, not swords and intrenching tools, are to be the instruments of cultivation.

And yet, as we have said, there landed in England within a few hours of this speech of Lord RIXON a man who was fresh from the task of relieving and partly avenging a beaten Anglo-Indian army. Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS amply deserved his reception at Dover, and a good deal more too. His famous march was the subject of some absurd apprehensions before it was completed, and of some disproportionate laudation afterwards; his victory, not in the least by his own fault, was curtailed and shorn of its proper consequences and completeness. But few modern generals, perhaps no other modern general for many years, have so thoroughly performed the task set them to do, and nothing higher can possibly be said of any soldier than this. It would, however, be exceedingly interesting, if military and political etiquette permitted it, to hear Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's opinion as to this formal announcement by Lord RIXON that the sword may now be turned into the ploughshare all over British India. General ROBERTS has himself been almost uniformly victorious. Yet he has seen, as we have said, other English generals cooped up by hostile forces; and he has himself, at no very distant time, been subjected, though under less painful circumstances and with a more satisfactory result, to the same humiliation. He knows that the power which did this still exists, that it is only divided and temporarily reduced, not finally crushed. He is not at all likely to be prejudiced in favour of a forward policy by any vulgar feelings of self-interest; for the credit which he has won ought, at least for the time, to be sufficient for a very glutton of fame and fighting. He is said to be in favour of the permanent retention of Candahar, as indeed are most military men; but that is not the point at issue. The point is whether any one acquainted with the circumstances and unbiassed by political necessities and prejudices can adopt, as Lord RIXON would seem to have adopted, the policy of blindness to the external dangers of India. No doubt there are internal dangers, too, though it is at least worthy of consideration whether over- rather than under-development may not be said to be at the bottom of most of these; but that is not the point either. Of course it is of the highest importance that the prevention and mitigation of famine, the development of manufactures, the proper distribution of taxation, and all the other cares of a wise Home Office, should occupy the attention of the Indian Government. But the question is whether the attitude which might have befitted England as to her own interior condition at the conclusion of the NAPOLEON wars befits India now. It

is inconceivable that a practical soldier or a statesman unpledged to party should answer the question in the affirmative. The mere utterance of the words Persia, Merv, Herat, Cabul, Kashgar, Burmah, is sufficient to show that such an answer is utterly wrong. No doubt it is advisable that the military cares and proceedings of the Indian Government should be directed rather to defence than to offence. But defence in Eastern countries has to be of a decidedly offensive character. The mere expression of a plaintive desire to be left alone and allowed to develop oneself comfortably and at leisure is certainly not the way to secure the opportunity for such development. Distasteful as the fact may be to certain schools of politicians, we won India by the sword, and by the sword, like every one else who has ever had anything to do with the country, we must keep or lose it. The expenditure necessary for the purpose of keeping it is no doubt to be regretted; but it is the most necessary and remunerative expenditure in the whole Indian Budget, and there is no reason to believe that, if minimized by a constant maintenance of the army in a state of efficiency and by the showing of a bold front, so as to discourage attempts from without, it is more than the country can fairly bear. On the other hand, the policy, at least as that policy is construed by his own party, to which Lord RIXON announces his return, means in all human probability another Afghan war and the expenditure of an unknown number of millions, perhaps at a time when England and India may be in the severest straits.

#### THE FRENCH DEBATE ON THE MAGISTRACY.

MOST English readers of newspapers are aware that a measure has been introduced into the French Chamber for a reform of the magistracy, and that the principal provision of the measure is that during the period of one year magistrates belonging to Courts inferior to that of the Supreme Court of Appeal shall be removable at the discretion of the Executive. What cannot be learnt from the ordinary sources of information is how this proposal comes to be made, how it is defended, and on what grounds it is attacked. Every proposal of the Government is attacked by its avowed enemies, but this proposal is attacked by some who are the Government's warm friends. The debate has been ably conducted, and the speeches of those Republicans who support and those Republicans who attack the proposal throw much light on the past history of France, on the present state of French feeling, and on the incidents of French daily life. It is impossible to notice all the speeches that have been made during a long debate; but the speeches of M. RIBOT against the proposal, of M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU in support of it, and of M. BOYSSET, who not only contributed general arguments in its favour, but adduced specific facts to show that it was needed, may be taken as representative. M. RIBOT is a Republican of the DUFAYRE school, and he naturally opposed a measure which he thought revolutionary in itself and dangerous to the Republic. But his line of argument was one which no one but a Frenchman could have invented. He maintained, in the first place, that the magistrates were covered by a sort of prescription. The Republic has now lasted for ten years, and even if a new Government has a title to purify the magistrature, the Republic is barred by time from exercising the right. Magistrates have, he admitted, given recently very perverted decisions in political cases, but that, he suggested, was the fault not of the magistrates so much as of the Legislature, which ought long before this to have referred all political questions to a jury. Magistrates have also given numerous decisions against the agents of the Government in questions arising out of the expulsion of the congregations. But the contention that the Government was wrong in point of law was supported by the authority of a large body of eminent juriconsults, and magistrates must not be accused of perverting justice to spite the Government simply because they shared the opinion of acknowledged leaders of the Bar. The Tribunal of Conflicts has now decided the law, and decided it by a majority which was only a majority because a member of the Government exercised his right to sit as a member of the Tribunal. However the decision may have been obtained, it exists, and M. RIBOT declares that he would be ready to visit with the most terrible penalties any magistrate who did not obey a



decision which he is bound to obey. But here comes in a phase of French law which is altogether out of the sphere of English thought and experience. The decision of a Court of Appeal, however supreme, is only a "doctrine" which inferior tribunals may adopt or not. In the particular cases carried to the Court of Appeal the judgment is final; but in new cases precisely similar the magistrates may decide, if they please, in direct contravention of the Court of Appeal, and leave suitors to get redress by carrying their cases to the higher tribunal. That in practice the French judges have been irremovable, M. RIBOT avowed that it was impossible to contend. NAPOLEON I. openly declared that his judges must do what he wished, or lose their posts. The charter accepted at the time of the Restoration expressly laid down that judges should be irremovable; but the Government of the Restoration soon cleared the Bench of its opponents, under the pretext that the charter said that judges were appointed by the King, and that, therefore, all judges named before there was a King to appoint them might be dismissed. Under the Second Empire the judges were nominally irremovable, but obnoxious judges were got rid of by the simple process of carting them beyond the French frontier, and filling up their places on the ground that they were absent without leave. But all these Governments were, in M. RIBOT's eyes, bad Governments. What he maintained was, that good Governments did not remove judges. After the Revolution of 1830 the same proposal was made which is made now, that during a year judges should be removable; but this proposal was rejected, through the influence of the Government. In 1848 the Assembly refused to sanction the dismissal of judges who had been summarily relieved of their duties by the Keeper of the Seals, and among the supporters of this refusal was found M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE. But the argument on which M. RIBOT most confidently insisted, and which seems to have most approved itself to his auditors, was that no Keeper of the Seals could, in the short time of a year, look personally into all the cases of magistrates said to be hostile which would be nominally brought before him. A door would be open to all kinds of enmities and calumnies, and while one obscure clerk in the provinces would settle that a magistrate should be hunted down, another obscure clerk at Paris would settle that the end of the hunt should be the destruction of the victim.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU is the reporter of the Commission in concert with which the Government has brought in its Bill, and it was he who replied to the attack of M. RIBOT. He set himself, in the first place, to destroy the assumption that the judges held their offices under any pledge that they would not under any circumstances be removed. What they really held was a title to permanence of office, subject to the right of every new Government to remove them on its entrance into power. No one could contend that under the First and Second Empires, and under the Restoration, this had been the nature of the tenure of judicial office. Under LOUIS PHILIPPE, the judges had not been removed, but the Government long hesitated whether it would or would not exercise its right, and only decided to abandon it when it thought it had discovered a milder equivalent. It forced all the judges to swear allegiance to LOUIS PHILIPPE, and, as sincere Legitimists would not perjure themselves, the Bench was purified, in an Orleanist sense, by the resignation of all who were hostile. In 1848, it is true, the leading Republicans decided against using the right of removal; but many other leading Republicans thought this decision wrong, and no one was so distinct in condemning the foolish piece of self-sacrifice as M. JULES SIMON. The Republic has now lasted ten years, but during the greater part of the time the Republic has been only nominal. It was not until after the 16th of May and the fall of the Ministry of MM. BUFFET and FOURTOU that a real Republican Government was established, and on no occasion was the hostility of the Bonapartist section of the magistracy displayed with so much violence and ostentatious illegality as on the eve of and during the elections which decided that France should be Republican. M. DUBAURE himself so recently as last year reminded the Chamber that he and his colleagues had attained power after a struggle which at the time of the elections had almost attained the proportions of a civil war, and that they had discovered that "under the orders of an active and resolute Government many magistrates had forgotten the rules of judicial impartiality, and had be-

"come mere partisans in the exercise of their functions." Many of these magistrates, indeed, make no pretence of impartiality. They were appointed under the Empire, behaved as the Empire wished, were constantly under inspection, and were regularly reported on to the EMPEROR as displaying, or failing to display, the proper degree of devotion. The Republican Government has not been in a hurry to exercise the right which accrued to it when M. DUBAURE became the first real Republican Minister. In spite of the hostility displayed by numerous judges at the time of the elections which founded the real Republic, the Government waited to see how these hostile judges would behave under a Government which wished to be liberal and indulgent. M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU affirmed that their behaviour had been such as not only to thwart and embarrass the Government, but to bring the general body of the magistracy into disrepute. Every one agreed that the majority of judges were fair and honourable men, but a minority of violent and partial men had undermined the confidence and respect which it was so desirable that the public should accord to the whole body of the magistracy. It was to recreate afresh the lost respect paid to judges, which it was said could only be secured by judges being irremovable, that the Government at last found itself obliged to do as other Governments had done, and to purify the Bench in its own sense.

Any one who had listened to the debate thus far must have longed above all things for the advent of some speaker who would descend from generals to particulars, and would give specific instances of the bad behaviour of bad judges. M. BOYSSET fulfilled, or endeavoured to fulfil, this task. He gave a series of instances, some of which broke down, but some of which were accepted as worth consideration by the opponents of the Bill. There was a case of a man who was tried for using insulting expressions in reference to President GRÉVY, and he was acquitted; but the tribunal merely decided that he had never used the alleged expressions. In another case, a Préfet had been assaulted, and the assailant was acquitted; but it was shown that the Préfet had struck the man's wife, and the Court held that this was reasonable provocation. These cases, when examined, showed nothing at all against the judges. The most rigid Republicans might have been expected to arrive at the same conclusions. In another case, which, however, M. BOYSSET treated with some confusion and indistinctness, it appeared that a large employer of labour, who had taken a part in a recent municipal election against the Republican candidate, and had been guilty of gross corruption and bribery, had been acquitted in face of the evidence. At Angers the judges, before beginning their sitting, had attended mass in a church where fleurs-de-lys were said to be ostentatiously displayed. The Bishop of ANGERS, who is a member of the Chamber, explained that the fleurs-de-lys were not the real political emblems, but were partly intended to represent the virginity of the VIRGIN, and were partly borrowed from the arms of the town of Angers. He had, however, to own that these emblems were so generally taken to be political that the Republican members of the parquet refused to be present. Then, again, in the judgment of the tribunal of Perpignan, the agent of the Government, who had carried out his instructions in expelling a congregation, was described as a malefactor and a thief, and this judgment before it was registered was communicated by the tribunal to a Bonapartist journal. This was indecent and improper, and it was not surprising that it should have irritated the local Republicans. But the general effect of M. BOYSSET's disclosures was to suggest that specific acts of bad behaviour on the part of judges are hard to find, and that the hostility of anti-Republican judges, if it actually exists on any considerable scale, is displayed in their general demeanour, and in slight acts which, to people who know a locality well, show a bias rather than an open violation of justice.

#### THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

THE citizens of Bristol are fortunate in possessing a local hero or patron saint who bears testimony, probably without any purpose of his own, to the great truths that there are two sides to a question, and that it is not always necessary to take either side. COLSTON'S memory

is year after year simultaneously celebrated by Conservatives and Liberals, while the guests at a third or neutral dinner judiciously abstain from talking politics. The managers naturally exert themselves to secure the attendance of the most considerable members of their respective parties. In the present year the Conservatives were fortunate in obtaining the services of their leader in the House of Commons, while the Cabinet Councils in London compelled the Liberals to content themselves with a highly respectable politician of the second rank. In the peculiar circumstances it was impossible for Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN to answer Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE. The "Dolphin" and the "Anchor" Societies are not within hearing of one another, and consequently the representatives of opposite opinions are in the position of hostile champions separated from one another as in an ancient tilt-yard by a longitudinal barrier which prevents a direct encounter. Although, as a general rule, the conflict of arguments may be thought conducive to the eliciting of true results, the comparison of independent statements is also a useful form of political controversy. When two competent speakers severally expound their respective doctrines, they can scarcely fail to throw light on the points at issue between them. It may be collected from the Bristol speeches that on the questions which are immediately urgent there is no violent antagonism between Conservatives and temperate Liberals. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN did not recommend a war for the aggrandizement of Greece, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE admitted that an enlargement of Greek territory would be desirable, if it could be peaceably accomplished. The general proposition that the Government ought, to the best of its power, to carry out the Treaty of Berlin will not be denied by those who were vehemently attacked for creating the obligation which is, when convenient, to be discharged.

There is nothing inconsistent in paying a personal tribute to the merits of both the eminent personages who have for many years been the undisputed leaders of the two great parties. Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE praised the courage and the skill with which Lord BEACONSFIELD organized and disciplined the followers whom he eventually led to temporary success. As he justly observed, the similar exercise of the same qualities might perhaps lead to a like result; and it was not necessary to remember that the task would require the efforts of another DISRAELI. Since the fall of the late Government the torrent of vituperation which had long been directed against Lord BEACONSFIELD has been dried up or diverted. His adversaries are appeased by the knowledge that he is not likely to head a future reaction against their present supremacy. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN also began his speech with an enthusiastic eulogy of "that great statesman who, with a fire unquenched by the snows of seventy winters, had answered a nation's call, and grasped the rudder of State." He might have added that Mr. GLADSTONE himself evoked the call, and that he thrust aside all competitors for the command of the State rudder. No adverse critic will dispute the fiery energy of the PRIME MINISTER, though domestic and foreign affairs afford at present but doubtful illustrations of his wisdom. Expressions of party loyalty are always becoming, and they conveniently fill up the intervals of practical discussion. It is perhaps not inexpedient that a popular audience should from time to time be reminded of the great influence which personal qualities have exercised on the course of recent history. It is impossible to conjecture the consequences which might have followed from the uncontested predominance of either of the two great rivals; but it may be confidently affirmed that none of their contemporaries could have filled the place of either.

Neither of the COLSTON orators thought it necessary to abstain from the commonplaces which unavoidably constitute the staple of party speeches. Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE reproduced at length the just comments which have been made during two or three months on the naval demonstration; and he even thought it worth while to explain, for the twentieth time, that Dulcigno was, according to the text of the Treaty of Berlin, to be surrendered, not by Turkey to Montenegro, but by Montenegro to Turkey. As Dulcigno was by a double process of negotiation substituted for another district which had been assigned to Montenegro, the provisions of the Treaty apply to the territory now in dispute; and the Turkish Government has, in fact, never denied the justice of the claim which it has so long hesitated to satisfy. After all, Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE

hoped that Dulcigno would be surrendered, though, in the discharge of his duty as a party politician, he implied rather than asserted that the Government was to blame. It is less unstatesmanlike to carp vaguely at the policy of a hostile Ministry than to emulate the factious violence of the late Opposition. No enemy of England will be encouraged, and no ally will be alienated, by the conventional arguments of Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE. On Indian policy he was wisely and patriotically silent. The difficulties of the Government are national embarrassments which can only be aggravated by premature censure and unseasonable discussion. On domestic legislation the leader of the Opposition had nothing to say. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN referred, it may be hoped with laudable brevity, to his own triumph in the matter of the Burials Bill; and he recommended a sweeping change in the laws which regulate the tenure of land. The oddest expression of opinion at either dinner was Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY's demand of protection for sugar refiners against the effect of the perverse French bounties. There seem to have been differences of opinion among the audience; and it is certain that the present Government will not concede Mr. MORLEY's demand. It is curious and instructive to learn how lightly the true economic faith is regarded by some of its professed votaries.

Entering into the spirit of a party banquet, Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE was more anxious to taunt the Government with its errors than to suggest a sound policy for Ireland. His references to the reckless language of some of the Ministers were perfectly accurate; but the quotations had been anticipated, and the mischief is done. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN spoke even more strongly of the crimes of the Irish agitators, and of the duty which devolves on the Government. "When," he said, "they saw 'murder and outrage stalking in the noonday undetected, and, he might almost say, unproved, when they found 'that men of note and position advocated assassination 'on the ground that in certain circumstances it might be 'necessary, then it was high time for any Government 'worthy of the name to remember that there was one 'duty which was before and above that of maintaining 'and upholding the law, and that was of protecting the 'lives of the people, and of maintaining the integrity of 'the Empire.' A vigorous and distinct declaration in favour of exceptional temporary legislation may compensate for commonplaces in which in other parts of his speech Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN freely indulged. Nothing is more tiresome in ordinary Liberal speeches than the unfounded assertion that the party is too vigorous, too independent, and too original to constitute a mechanical majority. The Liberal of rhetorical fiction is a philosopher, if not a man of genius, who has investigated all political problems for himself, and who consequently finds himself not strictly in accordance with the equally spontaneous convictions of his allies. The Liberal voter or member in real life is one of the most servile of adherents to the stock propositions which are from time to time enunciated by his teachers and repeated by his associates. It is of such materials that constituencies—not to say deliberative assemblies—are necessarily formed, and both Conservatives and Liberals think and speak in flocks. It is but idle flattery to teach one of two organized bodies of partisans that it consists wholly of thoughtful inquirers after truth. It may be the right of Liberals, as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN affirms, to think for themselves, but it is a right which they seldom exercise. The orator, indeed, proceeded to caution his party not to endanger their political orthodoxy by too much communication with the educated classes. They are not to look to Pall Mall or Piccadilly, but to the great centres of industry—to Birmingham, Manchester, and Bristol. Liverpool, which is even more Conservative than London, is of course excluded from the list of oracular shrines. Mr. GLADSTONE has often laid down the principle that he is not to be judged by his social and intellectual equals, but by blind and devoted disciples. It is probable that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN would, if he had the choice, rather convince scholars, economists, and men of the world than even the most enlightened artisans; but the enterprise is more arduous, and political power and cultivated intelligence are in modern times effectually dissociated.



## THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

IT may seem strange that the English, who are not at bottom a tolerant race, should be distinctly in advance of their German relatives in their attitude towards the Jews. Even when they were doing their best to keep Baron ROTHSCHILD out of Parliament, Englishmen spoke with genuine reverence of his vast wealth. He was so very rich that he ought to have been an orthodox Christian. Surely Divine grace could not in the end be withheld from a man with such a business. It was necessary to oppose his entry into the House of Commons in the interval; but it was a necessity that gave pain, not pleasure, to those who felt its force. For many years past all that we have done in the way of persecuting the Jews has been to try to convert them; and, though a good deal of money has been spent on this excellent object, we never heard that a single Jew objected to the outlay. Nothing came of the effort, and the Jewish race have always been content to put up with it, on the familiar plea that it pleased us and did not hurt them. Unfortunately, Germany is not precisely a country in which schemes of conversion are likely to make much way. If an English Protestant is troubled at the worldly success of a Hebrew neighbour, he may hope that by the labours of the admirable Society for the Conversion of the Jews his rival may have the veil removed from his eyes and be brought to see the wickedness of underselling an equally eager, but rather less clever, Christian. Herr STOCKER, the Court Chaplain who has made himself so especially conspicuous in the *Judenhetze*, has no such resource open to him. The last thing that a German thinks of doing with a Jew is to convert him. The hatred in which the race is now held in Germany is far too practical to be appeased by any such trifle as a change of religion. If the German Jews became Christians to-morrow, they would be equally unpopular, because they would be equally powerful. If they were rather stupid, and not good at making money, and altogether given to lag behind their Christian neighbours, they might be of any religion they liked. Their offence is that in all these respects they are better men than the Christians. They work harder, they earn more, they are sharper to see and seize advantages. If they became Christians, a new reason would have to be found for hating them; but it certainly would be found. At the same time it is prudent not to plume ourselves too much on the superior reasonableness of our attitude towards the Jews, because we have undoubtedly enjoyed an advantage which the Germans have lacked. We had the Roman Catholics to bait, and no one can accuse us of having let this part of our duties go unperformed. Herr STOCKER recalls the late Dr. MCNEILE. The strongest things that have been publicly said against the Jews might be paralleled in the controversial literature of English Protestantism. Nor had Englishmen the same excuse that the Germans have. The Roman Catholics in this country, at the time when the baiting of them was carried to the greatest extent, were neither powerful nor numerous. They did not absorb the business of Protestants, or divert to their own use gains which, but for them, might have fructified in the pockets of men who could have passed an examination in every dark saying in the Apocalypse. It will be time enough to praise ourselves as unmistakably superior to the Germans when we have been exposed to similar temptations.

The *Judenhetze* has now assumed a highly concrete and practical form. According to the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, the position of the Jews has lately borne in some cases an unpleasant resemblance to their lot in the middle ages. They are subjected to constant indignities, and though they seem very well able to protect themselves, the fact that they are in a minority makes it difficult to have the means of protecting themselves always at hand. A Jewish volunteer has lately shot his lieutenant. A Jewish passenger in a public conveyance has caned a teacher in a gymnasium. A Jewish student at Göttingen has just killed a Christian fellow-student in a duel. A Jewish merchant has boxed an offending Christian's ears. Of course these little incidents were all preceded by some violent act on the part of the Christian antagonist. The Jews are a great deal too shrewd to quarrel with Christians when the latter give them no provocation. The presence of a Jew in a café or in a railway-carriage seems to be regarded by many persons as a sufficient excuse for turning the conversation to

the degraded position and despicable character of this unfortunate race. As there are 400,000 Jews in Germany alone, and 800,000 across the frontier in German Austria, the unfortunate race is not likely to submit to ill treatment calmly. It is fair to say that, so far as the authorities are concerned, the Jews seem to be treated quite fairly. The Jew who punished a Christian in a public conveyance afterwards placed him in the hands of the police, and it is not stated that the police made any difficulties about receiving the charge. The Jewish student who killed a Christian at Göttingen has been liberated on his own recognizances. The persecution is a purely popular one, though it is not perhaps the less annoying on that account.

It usually happens nowadays that even the most irrational persecutors shrink from putting their exact demands on paper. The Germans are in this respect more logical. They know what they want, and they are quite willing that the world should know it too. They have been circulating a petition to Prince BISMARCK, in which their modest requests are formulated in the simplest and most childlike fashion. They ask that foreign Jews shall not be allowed to settle in Germany, and that the race shall be excluded from the higher Civil Service, from practising as advocates, from holding judicial positions, and from acting as teachers in schools. The curious feature about this petition is that it says nothing about the career in which Jews have won their greatest successes, and consequently given the greatest offence. Why should a Jew be forbidden to be a tax-gatherer or an usher in a school when he is allowed to make a hundred times as much money in business? The explanation may be that German merchants are too shrewd to ask for impossibilities, and leave that method of opposing the Jews to Professors and Court Chaplains; or that they are afraid of the consequences that might follow if their requests were put into words without being conceded in fact. To have offended all their Jewish fellow-traders, and yet not have deprived them of any of their power of rendering mischief for mischief, would decidedly be a dangerous game. However superior the meanest Christian may feel himself in comparison with a Jew, this superiority does not in the least prevent the Christian from owing the Jew money, or the Jew from holding the Christian's securities. A creditor might not be very accommodating if he had just read a prayer that he should in future be shut out from exercising his calling, and had noticed his debtor's name appended to the petition. It is not likely that Herr STOCKER or Professor TREITSCHKE have in this sense gone to the Jews before taking up arms against them. When things have come to this pass, it is plainly time that Parliament should have something to say about them. The Government are about to be asked some question which will give them an opportunity of throwing cold water on the Anti-Jewish movement, and it can hardly be supposed that they will let the occasion slip. In these days Continental sovereigns find the Jews an exceedingly convenient class of subjects. They are of far too much importance, speaking financially, to make any Minister wish to quarrel with them. The authors of the petition will probably be slow to abandon all hope that they will gain their end; but the rejection of their demands will, it may be hoped, be sufficiently decisive to prevent any new adherents from joining them. It is not improbable that this curious wave of reaction and intolerance may be only the dash of cold water thrown on just before the pot boils, and be regarded hereafter as the prelude to a fresh Jewish advance rather than as the signal for any permanent decline.

## WATER.

THE deputation which waited on the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD last week had a disastrous story to tell. There was at once a melancholy sameness and a melancholy variety about the statements made by the various speakers. All had to speak of heavy losses, and each district had lost that which it most cared to save. Near Bedford there are ten thousand acres practically under water, and one large farmer is paying rent for many acres which he has not seen for two years. In the valley of the Ouse enough produce to feed thirty thousand head of cattle has been made worthless, and the fertility of the soil is gradually being destroyed by constant soaking. During the past year the death-rate in the town of Huntingdon has been double the normal rate; and in the towns and villages

along the Onse the inhabitants have again and again had to live in the top stories of their houses, and to have all their provisions brought to them in boats. In the valley of the Avon food to the value of 63,000*l.* has been destroyed on eighteen miles of ground within the last twelve months, and the hay crop was carried into the sea. These cases are typical of a vast number more. Small losses that make but little figure in themselves may, in the aggregate, represent as much poverty and suffering as more conspicuous calamities. No one can have travelled over the English lowlands during the last six weeks without seeing for himself something of what the floods have done. There is hardly a river which has not overflowed its banks, and wherever that overflow has come there has been loss of produce or loss of time, destruction of wealth actually harvested, or delay in the production of fresh wealth. When crops are carried away or rendered worthless, it means injury to the farmer. When the ground cannot be prepared for new crops, it means injury to the labourer. Our streams are only innocent when they are kept within their natural boundaries; and, with such seasons as we have had of late years, the natural boundaries of many streams are coming to be scarcely known except by tradition.

Mr. DODSON is not the only Minister whose life is made burdensome by the water question. The singular system which makes London a law to itself in sanitary matters commits the question of the London Water Supply to the care of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The Vestries and district Boards of London and its suburbs have appointed delegates to consider the composition of the Water Trust which the Select Committee of last Session recommended should be appointed, and these delegates now ask for an interview with the HOME SECRETARY, at which they may acquaint him with the conclusions they have come to. As is commonly the case, the public have been made acquainted with these views in advance of the Minister. The delegates want a Water Trust, but they object to the particular Water Trust suggested by the Select Committee. They do not wish that the Water Trust should be "filtrated" from the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of London. Possibly the recollection of the very imperfect results obtained by a similar process as regards the actual water supply may unconsciously have suggested this preference for direct election. The proposal of the delegates is that the water authority should be constructed on a basis as representative as that of the London School Board, and that all the districts supplied by the London Water Companies should have members allotted to them. This Water Trust should be empowered to buy the undertakings of the existing Water Companies, if they can be had on reasonable terms, or, if that proves impossible, to introduce an independent supply. For this purpose the Trust should have full powers to raise capital, impose rates, and "control, in the "interest of the ratepayers, this essential necessary of "life." At this early stage of the proposal it may be enough to point out that life in London is in danger of being seriously embittered by the multiplication of municipal bodies of one sort or another. If the new Water Trust is constituted in the manner proposed by the delegates, Londoners will be in this singular position. One large part of their affairs, including the care of the public health, drainage only excepted, will be in the hands of the Vestries. Another large part, drainage included, will be in the hands of the Metropolitan Board of Works. About the election to these two bodies the average Londoner knows nothing whatever. He is probably ignorant of the names of the vestrymen who are supposed to represent him, of the time when they were elected, and of the time when they will be elected again. All his electioneering interest will be devoted to the periodical creation of two quite different bodies—a Board to look after the supply of water, and a Board to look after the supply of education. As the Corporation of London takes the place of some of these bodies within the City, the result will be that London will be governed by five distinct, and occasionally conflicting, authorities—a state of things which can only be agreeable to the gentlemen who compose the bodies in question.

These two subjects—the supply of water and the prevention of floods—may prove by and by to have a closer mutual connexion than that which is furnished by their being concerned with the same material, or being brought before the notice of the Government about the same time. London, though it is the largest, is not the only, consumer

of water. Every other great town either is or has been dissatisfied with the water to be had in its own immediate neighbourhood, and is going, or has already gone, in search of water it likes better. The cause to which the increased prevalence of floods is generally attributed is the improved drainage of land. The water which was once allowed to soak into the soil is now carried off from it, and poured into the rivers in volumes too great for them to carry off. But it is carried off in the end, and, when carried off, is lost. If wet seasons were habitual in this country this consideration might not have much importance. But, though they have been common of late years, they are not the rule. It is quite possible that we may have a succession of droughts as marked as the succession of floods which we have recently witnessed; it is almost certain that on a large average of years the customary proportion between the two will be fairly maintained. Whether floods remain as common as they are now, or are prevented by better arrangements for carrying them away, it seems conceivable, to say the least, that any very large adoption of the practice of bringing water from a distance for the use of great towns may end in something like a water famine to the unfortunate inhabitants of the villages and small towns lying nearer to the source of the supply. Their water will be cut off from them at both ends. The gathering-ground will be drained by London or Manchester, and what little escapes will be swept into the empty channels of the rivers and carried at once into the sea. It seems imperatively necessary, if we are not in remedying one evil to lay the seeds of another, that the Water question should be taken up as a whole at the same time that it is taken up in parts. With such a population as ours even water is not inexhaustible. If we have too much of it at one time or in one place, we may easily have too little of it at another time or in another place. We have seen something already of the mischief that may be done by ill-considered draining—ill-considered, that is, in the sense that the immediate object is pursued to the neglect of more remote objects of equal importance. If, on the one hand, Parliament sets to work to improve the channels of our rivers, to remove obstructions in their course, to buy up the mills that now help to keep the water back, and generally to do all the things that the deputation pressed on Mr. DODSON's attention the other day; and if, on the other hand, it gives power to local authorities everywhere to bring water from any district where water is to be found, without regard to the drought that will be left behind, the consequences may be very much more serious than seems to be supposed. The unfortunate thing is that matters have now come to that pass that any suggestion which points to any considerable further delay is sure to be scouted. When cities like London or Manchester want water, they do not like to be put off with a Royal Commission. Nor do we know that any further evidence on these points remains to be taken. What is wanted is rather such a digest of the testimony already in hand as may give the Government a reasonable confidence that no important fact has been overlooked, and that they can meet Parliament with a full and precise statement of what it is that needs to be done. The situation and extent of our chief sources of supply, the possibility of making the inhabitants of the places in the neighbourhood of the gathering-grounds independent of any loss caused by the diversion of their contents, the extent to which river-water can any longer be safely used for drinking, the possibility of utilizing rain-water on a large scale—these are the points upon which the Government ought to have information; and we are inclined to think that, if two or three competent public servants were appointed to digest and draw inferences from the materials already brought together, the preparation of a really useful body of legislation on the subject need not be long delayed. Even the delay of a year or two would be preferable to the discovery that our whole action in relation to water supply had been a series of costly blunders.

#### CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

THE palmy days of innkeeping, when in August or September travellers often had to implore shelter, and assert with the most pathetic fervour their readiness to sleep in the *salle-a-manger*, the reading-room, or indeed in any place where they would be under cover, are passed, and, except in one or two happy spots,



do not seem likely to recur; but probably the hotel-keepers on the great routes and in the districts frequented by tourists have done well during the autumn season which has just closed, and, though not proud and joyous as they were in the days when they sternly ruled submissive guests, have no reason to be discontented with the custom they have received either this or last year, and probably consider that things are, on the whole, well ordered in a respectable world. Whether travellers have much reason for content is unfortunately a different question. Those people, for the most part very young, to whom foreign travel is entirely new, of course find enjoyment everywhere, and are indifferent to discomfort; but those who have experience of the Continent, and have journeyed in the frequented countries during the last two or three seasons, must have perceived that, notwithstanding some recent improvements, travel is not becoming, on the whole, easier, and that, despite the lesson which has been read to extortionate landlords, it is likely to become more expensive. That there have of late been some alterations for the better may be freely acknowledged. Sleeping-carriages, which have long been running in Germany, have at last been fully accepted by some of the great French Companies, and though the tariff for them is in many cases exorbitant, the facilities for using them are being increased. Under a Republic the marvellous tyranny which railway officials were wont to show has been tempered. On the line which is taken by most of those who go to the South, travellers are no longer treated as if they were convicts, and the Company has actually pushed its liberality so far as to refrain from penning them up, and to allow them to walk about the platforms. It is true that the permission is given with fear and trembling, and is fenced round with precautions much resembling those which in England are addressed to little boys who are going out by themselves; but still it is, for so conservative a Company, a considerable concession. With inns, as with French railways, there has been some amelioration. Hotel accommodation has been extended, and places which formerly had to be avoided by all but those who were very hardy can now be visited in comparative comfort. Knowledge of English has, owing principally to the Americans, extended in a marvellous manner, and the traveller who is a good linguist often finds that he is scarcely allowed to speak the language of the country in which he is sojourning. There is almost everywhere some attempt at cleanliness, and some deference is now generally shown to what are regarded as the peculiar prejudices of Englishmen. The ways of British and American tourists are more thoroughly understood than they were, and the effort to please them is more intelligent.

But, if there has been a slight improvement in some respects, in others there seems to have been a change for the worse. If in France railways are a little more comfortable than they were, those in Italy, where the number of English travellers is now so very large, seem to be, if possible, worse than ever. The management of most of the lines is marked by all the faults of the French railway system, but by none of its merits. The officials are often peremptory in the extreme, the trains are now usually crowded, and the carriages are uncomfortable and sometimes filthy. These annoyances, though not inconsiderable, might be cheerfully endured if there was fair punctuality. This, however, seems scarcely to be thought of on many Italian lines. Long as are the periods allowed for the journeys, the trains are usually behind time. For some incomprehensible reason it is the delight of Italian managers to fix long stoppages at many stations where there is but little traffic. These stoppages it is the delight of station-masters and guards to protract, and they seem specially to take pleasure in prolonging them when the train is late. Who that has travelled much in Italy does not recall those long and weary halts at wayside stations? The train, which is fifty minutes or so late, slackens most gradually its very moderate speed, and at last draws up before the rickety little building in front of which a dirty official is standing. One second-class passenger with a small hand-bag gets out, and another gets in. There is no luggage to load or unload, and it is fondly hoped that the train will go on; but this does not happen. The station-master converses with the guards, the engine-driver with some local friends. One of the guards relieves his feelings at intervals by crying out "Partenza!" and then resumes the thread of his discourse. If any unfortunate people get down, they are savagely driven back again; but still the train remains stationary. When at last it makes its creaking way out, the unnecessarily long period allowed for the halt has been largely exceeded, and the probable time of arrival at the terminus made yet more painfully obscure than it was. That such dawdling is common in Italy, and that it is typical of the general spirit of unpunctuality which prevails, will hardly be denied by any one who knows much of the country. Of course with some trains more care is taken; but there is, on the whole, great carelessness, and great discomfort in consequence. In fact, it may be said that the Italian railways are to those of France and Germany as the London and South-Western is to the Northern lines; and, besides being unpunctual, Italian trains sometimes start at the most inconvenient hours. The comfort of travellers seems to be utterly disregarded, and probably those who arrange the times never give a thought to it, but consider only what will best suit the Railway Company. The discomfort caused by crowded carriages, unpunctuality, and inconvenient times of departure is not inconsiderable; but it is a small matter compared with a much graver evil which too often afflicts travellers in Italy, and which seems to have increased of late. Robbery appears now to be

more frequent than ever, and thieves occasionally show an audacity which strongly argues the connivance of the officials. By no small troubles, then, is the traveller in the much-sought country now beset, and these seem lately to have grown greater rather than less.

Good hotels are even more desired by the wanderer than quick and punctual trains; and hotels, both in Italy and elsewhere, have latterly, as has been said above, improved a little in some respects, but in others they have certainly deteriorated. In the first place, there is the painful monotony of modern inns which grows more marked every year. Hotels now are built on the same plan, furnished in the same way, and have similar *menus*, similar German waiters, and similar dining and sitting rooms all over Europe. In the house in which the traveller stops there is nothing, or scarcely anything, to suggest to him the country he is sojourning in. An hotel in one great city is exactly like an hotel in another great city. This was not so formerly, when one of the pleasant things in travelling in some parts of Europe was to observe the difference in national habits as shown by the customs of good old-fashioned inns. This monotony certainly detracts from the enjoyment of travel, one of the principal objects of which is variety; but it might easily be tolerated if uniformity had brought excellence. Unfortunately this is not the case, uniformity having in some respects made things worse instead of better. It is tiresome to have to eat the same dinner all over Europe; but it is more than tiresome when that dinner is a bad one. In other days the table-d'hôte frequently offered the traveller an excellent meal. There were local dishes, often accompanied by good local wines. Now the special aim of the hotel manager seems to be to exclude anything peculiar to the national *cuisine*, and to give only those dishes which can be got anywhere. These are usually composed of very bad materials. Formerly the best food in the market was often bought by hotel-keepers, but now the cheapest is generally taken. This is disguised by those wonderful sauces which are so precisely alike everywhere as to encourage the supposition that they are made at some central factory, and thence despatched all over Europe. In nothing has there been so much falling off as in the Continental table-d'hôte, and of late this has been specially marked. Some hotels keep up their reputation; but, as a rule, the "ordinary" grows more monotonous and worse every season; and, after all, dinner is an important incident in travel. The wine which has to be drunk is also a matter of some importance to the traveller; and the more so that the water at hotels is sometimes more dangerous than British gin or Boulevard absinthe, and that death may lurk, it seems, even in the apparently harmless siphon. With regard to wine, hotel-keepers are apparently incorrigible, and, indeed, so covetous in penny-wise fashion as to be blind to their own interests. They expect to make a large profit on it, and in this perhaps they are justified; but the profit which they consider a proper one is so enormous as to make their trade in wine much smaller than it might be. They cannot grasp the very simple fact that, if the price of an article is raised beyond a certain point, the consumption is checked. The poorest and cheapest wine is generally bought, and, re-christened with high-sounding names, is offered at high prices in the extremely untruthful *carte des vins*. Travellers find that they have to pay a great deal for wretched stuff, and accordingly drink as little as possible. Not long ago a German sitting next to an Englishman at a table-d'hôte observed, "I have never been in England, sir, but I have travelled much in Europe, and I cannot imagine why your countrymen are said to be large wine-drinkers. They have always seemed to me extremely moderate. Look round this table, now." The German was quite right so far as his observation went. Generally speaking, not much wine is consumed at hotels, because it is so dear and so abominable. No doubt in one respect a good result is produced; but abroad, as at home, all but a few fanatics think good wine in moderation desirable, and at most hotels this is not to be obtained save at exorbitant prices. Very often even those who are willing to pay exorbitant prices find merely that they have been more cheated than the rest. Some time ago we spoke of the foolish covetousness of landlords in this respect, and since then their ideas of what they should supply to their guests seem to have sunk lower and lower. Just now the unfortunate traveller is being told with great emphasis that he must avoid water and aerated water. Both contain the germs of typhoid, and the latter in addition is charged with lead. His position, therefore, when he has to decide what he will drink at dinner, is not a pleasant one. He has to choose between harsh, crude stuff at huge prices, and liquids which he formerly believed to be innocuous, but now knows to be dangerous in the extreme. The badness of the wines supplied at hotels is a very unpleasant fact in modern travel, and is certainly made the more trying by painful revelations respecting the true character of what were thought to be innocent fluids.

Charges generally do not appear to have risen much during the last two or three seasons, landlords having learnt the lesson which was taught them by the significant paucity of travellers a few years ago. It seems, however, at present not unlikely that before long prices will be quietly augmented. If a gold currency is established in Italy, the practical effect will be to raise hotel charges ten or twelve per cent. The rapacity of servants constantly increases, and the unfortunate tourist suffers more and more each season from the array of expectant faces which surround him as he quits his hotel, having, it is to be observed, paid largely for service already. Apart from

hotel charges and extortions, other demands on him constantly increase. In the travelled parts of Europe a very considerable number of people, besides innkeepers and their servants, now live entirely or principally on what they make out of travellers. As these, like the rest of the world, are constantly striving to increase their earnings, the tax on the traveller is steadily raised. Of the abominable extortion which is too often practised in case of serious illness or death we will not now speak, as we do not wish to deal with the tragic part of the subject. Of petty troubles there are many, and a diminution of them seems in no way probable. Despite the marvellous facilities which are now afforded for making long journeys, and the existence everywhere of big hotels with English-speaking waiters, the much harassed tourist too often feels that travel is not a little trying, and, on the whole, is certainly not growing easier or pleasanter than it was.

#### POLITICAL CLUBS.

THE outside world is very much less apt to consider the occasions of vacation speeches than the speeches themselves. There are not improbably several earnest politicians in England who have read the speeches of Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain last Tuesday, or who at any rate have read articles about those speeches, and who yet would be puzzled to say what was the particular purpose which took, or was supposed to take, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright to Birmingham. Very matter-of-fact or very cynical persons might say that the President of the Board of Trade and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster went down to the distinguished town which they so worthily represent for the purpose of making speeches which should console extreme Radicals for the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Selborne the week before. Perhaps, as is usually the case when matter-of-factness and cynicism coincide in their conclusions, the actual *causa causans* of the speeches would be not inaccurately indicated by this hypothesis. Ostensibly, however, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright went to open—we are glad to salute Mr. Bright on his protest against the silly word “inaugurate”—a Junior Liberal Club at Birmingham. It might have been thought that active persons of various nationalities and classes—from Mayors and members of Parliament down to mysterious election managers, such as the person whom Birmingham lent the other day to Oxford in order that he might show the Oxford Liberals how to conduct elections—had already resorted to every possible plan for binding down the Midland town inextricably in their toils. But the wise know that in political management there is no such thing as finality. It is not enough to have Mayors and Town Councillors at one end of the scale, and at the other end artful agents, who disguise their understrappers as ardent Tories and send them about in low public-houses to discover, and perhaps to create, treating and such misdemeanours. For, with some fifteen thousand voters ready in the blindness of their eyes and the stubbornness of their hearts to vote against the truth, it is evidently dangerous to relax. So Birmingham has set up a Junior Liberal Club, just as several other large towns have set up Junior Liberal Clubs, and, for the matter of that, Junior Conservative Clubs too. It is intended for those “who do not care or cannot afford to belong to more expensive institutions, and especially for members of the Liberal party.” The last clause expresses the generous sentiments of the promoters. Access to politics and “provan,” as Captain Dalgetty would put it, of exceptional purity at a cheap rate, is not to be limited to professing Liberals. The little Conservative children are to be suffered to come in, and if by any chance the comforts and advantages inseparable from adoption of the right side should happen to convert them, so much the better. A wide toleration is one of the most honourable boasts of the party, and it is gratifying to observe that the principle has been recognized by the founders of the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club.

The speakers, to do them justice, did not entirely neglect the subject. When Mr. Bright was not dancing on the Irish landowner, or demonstrating that the House of Lords is the root of all political evil, he said several things about the Liberal Club and other clubs. When Mr. Chamberlain was not descanting on the magnificent success of the naval demonstration, or horrifying his æsthetic hearers by describing an imaginary bombardment of the Parthenon, he took occasion to refer to the “great instrument that had been forged” for the purpose, among other things, of making him President of the Board of Trade, and to point out what an important part in the forging was borne by political associations. But in this and in other matters the elder politician was the chief speaker. Mr. Bright joins issue broadly and generally with those who say that clubs are not good places for young men to belong to, and we certainly have no intention of differing with him on this point. He thinks that, if clubs lead their frequenters into a danger of spending their evenings in a manner not specially profitable, the same may be said of a good many other things and institutions, which is undoubtedly true. But of course Mr. Bright, though he is not a speaker wholly proof against fallacies, knew better than to suppose that the essence of the Junior Liberal Club was conviviality. In such places society and social amusements are merely means, more or less avowed, to an end, and that end is political organization. The Junior Liberal Club of a place like Birmingham or Manchester has but a

very faint resemblance to the political clubs in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall. For the most part, the members of the latter are Conservatives or Liberals before they join; the object of the Birmingham Junior Liberal Club is almost avowedly to make or keep its members Liberal. This is delicately represented by Mr. Bright as a contribution to a good object. He “knows nothing more useful to a young man than to occupy his mind at some portion of the day or week with the consideration of public questions, and to try to fill himself with a strong interest in what so much concerns himself and his countrymen.” The syllogism is of course obvious, and the conclusion follows if the premises be granted. What Mr. Bright says is useful, certainly is useful; and if the Junior Liberal Club conduces to this end, then the Junior Liberal Club is an excellent institution. But, it seems, Mr. Bright does not wish that anybody should join such a club “merely to become a more efficient member of a party, that he may partake in party fights and in the glorification of party victories.” It is only that he may become a better man and a better patriot. Besides, he will not always be a young man, and it seems very important to Mr. Bright that he should be trained early in the right way. There are, all these things being considered, Mr. Bright seems to think that he can recommend the Junior Liberal Club to anxious mothers with some confidence.

Let us see how far these arguments will hold water. The question is one of which it can be said, with very much less than the usual hypocrisy of the remark, that it is not a party question. As soon as one party adopts means of this kind, the other is bound to follow; and we are rather inclined to think that, in Lancashire at any rate, Tory clubs of this kind were not uncommon before the opposite side perceived the necessity of going and doing likewise. Of course if a junior political club of the Birmingham type were the sort of place which Mr. Bright's words picture it as being, there would be very little to be said against it. But, as a matter of fact, it rather seems likely to develop, and, what is more, is usually intended by its promoters to do nothing else than develop, the very tendencies which Mr. Bright deprecates. It does make its members, of whatever political complexion, members of a party and partakers in the glorification of party victories. Indeed it does very little else. We may take an illustration from the speeches of that very evening. Mr. Chamberlain said, and was cheered to the echo by the young persons who, according to Mr. Bright, are to be devoted by the Junior Liberal Club's influence to the intelligent consideration of public questions, that the recent troubles on the North-West frontier of India were due to “a wanton invasion of Afghanistan.” Of course when Mr. Chamberlain says this, he says it with the fullest knowledge of the facts, and expresses, possibly in somewhat strong language, a conclusion which he has the right to form. A very great many persons, also possessed of the fullest knowledge of the facts, would say, and would be equally justified in saying, that these troubles were due to the culpable inaction of Mr. Chamberlain's present chief and his then colleagues seven years ago. Does Mr. Bright think that the atmosphere of the Junior Liberal Club is favourable to the investigation of these rival views on their merits by the members? If he were in a tolerably calm mood, and if Providence mercifully permitted him to forget for a moment the existence of peers, bishops, and other cankers of the State and of his own peace of mind, he would probably admit, candidly enough, that it is likely to be very much the reverse. The wanton invasion of Afghanistan probably presents itself to the mind of the average member as an accepted fact, as unchallengeable as the multiplication table. His business is to accept all those things which the heads of the party tell him, to cheer and repeat them lustily, and to vote straight and get other people to vote straight. That is the principle of all political clubs, and we are inclined to think that a member of the Junior Liberal Club who began to examine matters for himself, and to be a political eclectic, would, unless reticence and the Ballot hid his false-brotherhood, speedily find the club a more or less uncomfortable place of resort. To politicians like Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone himself, who have an unlimited and sublime faith in the coincidence of their party views with the requirements of abstract truth and justice, this may seem immaterial. The man who votes with the party is sure to be right, the man who votes against the party wrong. But to people who cannot quite adopt this comfortable creed, political associations, and especially political clubs, are perhaps not quite such cheering signs of the times. Already a great, if not a surprising, incapacity to appreciate the value of any political fact or situation is apparent in the new constituencies. Political clubs seem best suited for organizing this incapacity, and rendering it still more formidable. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain's phrase of “forging” was happier than he knew it to be. For the verb has a double sense, and, in the second and less favourable acceptation, a national vote procured by an immense organization of clubs may certainly be said to be forged. It is not in any way genuine or spontaneous, it does not represent the intelligence, and hardly even the desires, of the individual voter; it becomes, the more it is perfected, the expression merely of the will of wire-pullers and cliques.

Bad as the system is, however, it is one which, like a good many other bad things, can only be fought with its own weapons. There is nothing for anybody to do but, as has been said already, to go and do likewise, while it is time. With his usual frankness, Mr. Chamberlain has already pointed out that there may not be so very much time. The great forged instrument is to be used, he tells us, so as to make a recurrence of the events of 1874-9 im-



possible—that is to say, the franchise and the distribution of seats are to be so manipulated as to give Mr. Chamberlain's party a permanent lease of power. Much of this, doubtless, is mere brag, and much of it the expression of the wishes of a small section of the Government, and a still smaller section in Parliament and the nation. But these sections, if the smallest, are also the most active, and have the great advantage of knowing what they want, and of being perfectly unscrupulous as to the means by which it is to be obtained. It is all the more necessary to fight these persons with such of their own weapons as are not discreditable to handle, because there seems to be in English politics a growing spirit of mere partisanship, as distinguished from the older party spirit. The last election showed the existence of a desire to be on the winning side merely because it was the winning side, which, unpleasant feature as it is, has to be reckoned with. By and by, no doubt, as things always happen, so they will happen at Birmingham. The presiding spirits of the Radical ring will be less active or less intelligent. Discord will arise in the camp, and the enemy will carry the stronghold. But, if it be so, it will be because means to the end have not been neglected. The great constituencies which now exist, and which we may expect to see multiplied sooner or later, offer such temptations to organizers that they are certain to be organized. Whatever faults we may find with the system of organization, it is desirable for national, and not for party reasons, that it should not be all on one side.

#### THE LUXURIES OF ILLNESS.

MANY writers have observed that it is possible to indulge grief to such a point that it becomes a luxury; but we do not think that the luxuries of illness have met with as much attention as they deserve. Invalids may object that the very idea of comfort and pleasure in connexion with illness is a delusion and a mockery, but perhaps they may change their minds on reflection. It would, of course, be impossible to pretend that a distressing cough, a burning fever, an attack of gout, or a fit of sea-sickness is a luxury in any sense of the word, however strained; and it might, on the other hand, be urged, with a great show of reason, that any luxuries which may be enjoyed during ill-health are luxuries not of illness, but of the cessation, or at any rate the decrease, of illness. At first sight, therefore, it might appear that he who writes of the luxury of illness writes of a thing which does not exist.

We are inclined to believe that very few people really know when they are enjoying themselves. Many persons suppose themselves to be supremely happy when they are partaking of amusements which afford them little pleasure, and imagine themselves to be undergoing a sort of semi-martyrdom when they are in reality pleasing themselves according to their own tastes. Now people who have time to be ill often enjoy themselves in no mean degree without knowing it. Even if we were to allow that the only pleasures experienced during ill-health arise from the alleviation of illness, we still think we could prove our case; for the pleasurable sensation of relief from pain or fever cannot be enjoyed by those who have had neither fever nor pain, and it is something quite different from the ordinary pleasures of health. Mere absence of pain is usually unnoticed; relief from pain is sometimes ecstasy. It may be open to question whether it is worth suffering pain in order to enjoy the relief which ensues when it ceases; but when we have paid the price, it is highly desirable that we should get as much pleasure as possible in return for our suffering. The exorbitant premium which has to be given in advance for enjoyment of relief from pain does not prevent that enjoyment from being a distinct and a special pleasure, and a pleasure unobtainable in any other manner. In other ways also there are pleasures peculiar to illness. One of the highest enjoyments in life to certain temperaments is the receipt of sympathy, and we get more sympathy when suffering from illness than when enduring any other misfortune. If we lose our money, or have the ill-luck to offend a powerful patron, our friends are not usually sympathetic or attentive, although our sufferings under these circumstances may be much greater than in an illness. An invalid feels flattered by the constant messages of inquiry which are certain to arrive if he is rich. People whom he least expected to take any interest in his health call to inquire as to his progress; men whom he had hitherto supposed to regard him with dislike come frequently to hear the latest bulletin; and great ladies, who would, he thought, forget his existence unless he constantly reminded them of it, drive to his door to leave cards of inquiry. He begins to think that this is not such a wicked world after all; he forgives his enemies who have called to inquire for him, and he becomes a believer in the reality of friendship. If he is pleased with others, he is still better pleased with himself, for he reflects with satisfaction upon his evident popularity. His female belongings help to confirm him in these notions. They say, "I met So-and-so to-day, and he made a great many inquiries about you, and seemed very anxious to know when you would be well"; or "Lady — called this afternoon, and said that everybody was talking about your illness, and that she had never heard so much sympathy expressed for any one." The wife and sisters read to the patient pretty little extracts from feminine letters, and perhaps sympathetic little paragraphs about his health from the local journals. All this can scarcely fail to give him more or less pleasure and satisfaction. He feels that everybody is a good fellow, and

that he himself must be the best of good fellows, which is surely a very happy condition of mind for a man to be in. It does not in the least signify that among his friends at his clubs the mention of his illness merely excites interest in the questions of the disposal, in case of his death, of his property, his seat in Parliament, or his appointment; that the world does not care a straw about his aches and his pains, or whether he has had a good night or been able to eat his dinner; that outside his own family his death would only be regretted by the Insurance Companies; that many of the cards of inquiry are left at his house with a view to obtaining cards of invitation on his return to health, and that the most tender words of sympathy expressed by any of his male friends are "poor devil." It is enough that the invalid in his room hears of nothing but kindness, and he can hardly fail to be gratified thereby.

Under certain conditions there is something nearly allied to luxury in weakness and enforced idleness. Italians are not the only people who appreciate the pleasure of doing nothing; but in our climate a somewhat unnatural state of health is necessary for its thorough enjoyment. Inactivity is irksome when we have a restless desire to be doing something; but when neither pain nor fever torments us, we may enjoy considerable luxury in simply lying in bed with reduced energies. Nature then tells us that we require rest and repose, and we experience satisfaction in obtaining them. An illness not unfrequently follows overwork, and the consequent idleness which then becomes necessary is singularly grateful. There is a highly satisfactory feeling, under such circumstances, that to do nothing is, so to speak, to do one's highest duty. There are many people whose natural inclinations are strongly averse to activity, trouble, and even to serious thought; and to such as these there is something highly delightful in being peremptorily ordered by a physician to abstain from all exertion, to keep the mind free from cares and anxieties, and on no account to study. They are especially gratified at the reflection that the strict fulfilment of this injunction becomes a moral duty of a high order. They follow the rule of life laid down for them with saint-like obedience and religious scrupulosity. Here are their ascetic instructions. On no account to rise too early; to take a cup of tea before getting out of bed, a little fresh air after breakfast, a glass of wine and some beef tea at eleven, a drive after luncheon, a couple of hours' repose on a bed or sofa in the afternoon, plenty of good food, a rich vintage claret—no light washy Gladstone; to smoke in moderation, and to keep the mind amused. A still greater luxury enjoyed by the invalid is the privilege of never being crossed or thwarted. The doctor says that serious consequences might follow if he were to be annoyed or worried, and his family and friends have to take care accordingly. The able physician even goes so far as to say that it may be better to allow him to have or to do certain things which are not, strictly speaking, desirable for him, rather than that he should be put out of humour or get excited. He must on no consideration be bored. He had better not go to church; he might get hot when in the building, and cold when he came out, and, in his present state of health, the length of the service might weary him. Theatres of course would not be desirable, but if he sets his mind very much upon going to one, it might perhaps be better not to thwart him. He may see a few friends who are likely to amuse him, but he had better not see the clergyman until he is stronger. He must not write letters at present; another member of his family had better do this for him. He must certainly not be troubled with any business matters, but somebody ought carefully to attend to them for him during his illness and convalescence, because a complete relapse might ensue if he were to find an accumulation of business matters and letters awaiting him on partially regaining his strength. We need scarcely say that the patient is not likely to find it either difficult or unpleasant to do his duty in such a state of life. Another luxury of illness is the colourable excuse which it affords for extravagance. We may be living in a tolerably economical manner in order to provide fortunes for our younger children, to build a church, or to bring about some other good object; but when we are invalided, it becomes our pleasing duty to spend our money on ourselves and our personal luxuries, and we virtuously do this without the slightest qualm of conscience. It is our bounden duty, both to ourselves and to everybody else, to endeavour to get well, and our first efforts must be directed towards this object. It was very right and proper that we should lay by money and deny ourselves when we were in good health; but now it is incumbent upon us to treat ourselves, however unwillingly, to foreign tours, Château Lafitte, "C" springed barouches, and possibly steam-yachts. Such expenditures have even an aspect of economy about them; for are they not made with a view to prolonging our lives, and what is so valuable as life? We argue, with much reason, that it is better that we should spend our money on fruit and game even at their highest prices than on physic; we pitifully submit that it would be hard indeed if we could not have our garden made nice when we have only sufficient strength to walk within a couple of hundred yards of the hall door, or if we could not have our conservatory filled with tropical plants, when we cannot leave the house for several months during the winter. We are so reduced by ill-health that our only amusement consists in our pictures; so we have to content ourselves by covering our walls with Turners, Landseers, and Linnels, and surely a few choice water-colour drawings are an innocent amusement for the poor sick man. The invalid is too delicate to go during the winter

months to his parish church, so he builds himself a beautiful Gothic chapel, communicating with the house by means of a passage warmed with hot pipes. This lovely little edifice, with its marbles, its stained glass, its carvings in wood and stone, and its well-toned organ, is of course a pure act of piety, and goes down to "charities." It is a very pretty addition to the house all the same.

It is a merciful provision of Providence that a certain cheerfulness should often accompany serious and even fatal illnesses. Most medical men will bear us out in saying that, when consumptive patients have been informed that they must not hope to recover, they generally become cheerful and reconciled in a wonderfully short space of time. The first shock is naturally a painful one, but in most cases the patient can hardly help feeling that he will not recover before the information is formally given to him. After all, when death is not likely to come to-day or to-morrow, or this week or next week, it still seems a long way off, and it is far from impossible that the doctor who tells us our fate may even yet die before us. The cheerfulness of very old people who do not suffer from any of the unpleasant accompaniments of age has often been noticed. The probable cause of this cheerfulness consists in their freedom from the anxieties of further ambition and labour. In the same manner, invalids who are aware that their lives will probably terminate in a few months feel that they may take their ease, as the work of their life is over, and the hopes and fears of this world need no longer make them anxious. They then often yield themselves to a lethargic contentment and resignation to which luxury is not altogether a stranger. Every one around them is striving to make them happy, and sympathy, comforts, and kindnesses are showered upon them. They have no cares, no worries; the nights may be long and the cough may be distressing, but the gradually increasing weakness becomes so natural by habit, that it is almost a relief to submit to it, and at last the patient scarcely struggles against the failing of his powers.

We need not be told that there is another side of the question. We are fully aware of this fact. Most matters appear different when viewed from various aspects; but on the adverse side of the subject before us we decline to look at present.

#### SCHOOLMASTERS AND CRAMMERS.

AMONG the abominable devices of the late Government was the introduction of "Protection" instead of "Free-trade" principles into the examinations for the Indian Civil Service. This is the grave charge brought by Mr. Walter Wren, using language supplied by a leading article in the *Guardian*, against the innovations of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Wren had a brief chance of asserting the dignity and righteousness of Free-trade in the House of Commons; but the unfortunately venal condition of the borough of Wallingford, for which he sat, has relegated him to private life, and obliged him to defend Free-trade and his private interests in the columns of the *Guardian*. Those columns have lately been the field of a free and rather interesting scuffle between public schoolmasters and crammers. In using the technical word "crammer," we must guard ourselves against being supposed to have any invidious meaning. Very probably the gentlemen who prepare private pupils for special examinations are tutors or teachers in the noblest sense of the word. Their system may be as wide, liberal, and free from sordid regard of anything but pure education as the system on which Ponocrates trained Gargantua. But the poverty of the English language provides no name for these instructors but "crammers." "Coach," however dignified, is appropriated by a peculiar class of University teachers. "Private tutors" are not generally understood to prepare their pupils for any single special examination. If you ask a lad who has left school to be instructed specially for the Indian Civil Service or for the army what he is doing, he will reply that he is "at a crammer's." Therefore we must be understood to use the term "crammer," not as begging the question, but as the recognized title applied to a particular set of teachers called into existence by the competitive system.

Having thus cleared the ground, we may return to the war between public and private teachers. For many years previously to 1878 the first examinations for the Indian Civil Service were open to any candidate under twenty-one years of age. In 1878 the limit of age was lowered from twenty-one to nineteen years. To ourselves it seems that there are good and bad features in this change. The schoolmasters, however, see little but good in it; the private teachers see nothing but harm. The interests of both are affected; those of the schoolmasters favourably, those of the private teachers, or so Mr. Wren thinks, unfavourably. Boys do not stay at school till they are twenty-one; and, under the old system, those who desired Indian appointments went, say, at the age of eighteen, from school to the private teacher, generally resident in or near London. Now the schoolmasters would have been glad, for various reasons, most of them obvious, to keep the clever boys of eighteen for another year. It must also be said that there was among parents, and even among candidates, a very strong prejudice against the sort of life led by some pupils of some private teachers. Young men, by no means prudish, described that life as a kind of cross between the monotonous career of a mill-horse and the rowdiest existence of medical students. Mr. Scoones, a well-known and successful teacher, remarks in the *Guardian* of November 17, that, in his experience, "candidates have either resided with their parents in

London, or in batches of three or four in the houses of lecturers, who exercised strict supervision over them." But the opinion prevailed that in certain notorious cases no moral supervision whatever was exercised. Public schools are not precisely the last refuges of Astræa, but masters and parents, and boys of decent manners and tastes, had some reason to dislike the sort of "life at a crammer's" which was popularly supposed to be not absolutely unknown. Thus the schoolmasters had at least a show of right on their side when they wished boys to go straight from school to the examination. On the other hand, it is plain that nineteen is a very early age to endure the labour and anxiety of an examination on which depends a man's whole fortune and career. Yet Dr. Percival, in a letter published by the *Guardian* (November 10), remarks that, under the new system, boys will go out "younger, fresher, incomparably less jaded, than under the old system." Younger, certainly they will be; indeed, considering the nature of their duties, they may be rather too young. Mr. Scoones speaks of a boy who recently started for India "to assume junior magisterial functions long before he had attained his own majority." Still, most of the lads before they begin to govern India have attained the age at which they may lawfully enter the Legislature. As to Dr. Percival's statement that the younger candidates are "less jaded" than the elder men were, we agree with Mr. Scoones that the former system may well have been the healthier. In work, as in play, a man of twenty-one can stand more labour than a lad of nineteen. So far, then, there seem to be advantages on both sides; though, on the whole, we rather prefer the old system. Parents, if they were alarmed about their sons' morals, could seek out teachers not indifferent on the subject. But, in this affair as in others, *rien n'est sacré pour un père de famille*. If our ghostly foe had the reputation of "passing" his pupils, he would be in immense request as a crammer.

There was a necessary consequence of the alteration of the limit of age. Intellectual work that was fitted for men of twenty and twenty-one was not fitted for boys of eighteen and nineteen. The nature of the studies was altered. Here, again, Mr. Wren can raise his war-whoop of "protection." He says that the headmasters asked Lord Salisbury for "exclusion of subjects they could not teach, and 'special prominence' to the subjects they can" (*Guardian*, November 3). Who can say what a headmaster cannot teach? That august being may have "learned the art that none can name, in Padua far beyond the sea"; or he may even be conversant with "moral science," which is of little value, Mr. Scoones complains, under the new system. On the other hand, the schoolmasters obviously believe that under the old system moral science was purely theoretical, and was allowed by some crammers to have no bearing on practice. It might be more fair to say that the schoolmasters suggested studies within the reach of the faculties of boys than that they demanded "protection" for the subjects they could teach and restriction on the subjects in which they were unable to instruct. But, as Mr. Wren insists on making the question very much one of personal and pecuniary interests, we must admit that we scarcely see how he is a loser. "The reduction of the limits of age prevents any but schoolboys from competing," he says (*Guardian*, November 3). But why should not lads from seventeen to nineteen years of age enjoy the advantage of Mr. Wren's acknowledged skill in teaching? Boys as young as their own masters at the Scotch, and even in many cases at the English, Universities. And, if the topics in which lads are examined are changed, are we to suppose that Mr. Wren and his staff are incapable of tackling the new subjects? He avers that boys can read far more cheaply with him than they can at the public schools. Dr. Percival, on the other hand, says that "the schools offer cheaper education and a healthier life." But, if Mr. Wren is right, if he really can undersell his competitors, and if, as he asserts, he is so much more successful than they, of what is it that he complains? What is the meaning of these commercial lamentations about protection? The whole paper war seems to have arisen out of the removal of a boy from Clifton to Mr. Wren's establishment. There appears to be no reason, in the new system, why all the public schoolboys for whom Mr. Wren has room should not desert Rugby and Marlborough to place themselves in his hands. The only practical reason for keeping them at school is the possible superiority of school teaching in the new subjects. Does Mr. Wren doubt his ability to beat the schools at their own work? He seems to suffer from no such diffidence. "The work we are paid to do we do," he cries with honest resolution. We really think that his commercial are as fallacious as his theological reasons for opposing the new system. He appears to hold that the advocates of the new system aimed at favouring Churchmen, to the disadvantage of those suffering lambs, the Nonconformists. Of the two, we imagine that Nonconformists would be the more ready to place their offspring under Mr. Wren's moral and intellectual supervision, and, therefore, to secure appointments. Mr. Wren, at least, is not, like so many headmasters, a clergyman of the Church of England.

It is a relief to turn from what is more or less a personal question to a letter in which Mr. Scoones exposes what he believes to be the defects of the new system of examinations. Here we leave money matters and come to education. Mr. Scoones thinks that the old secured a better education than the new system. We confess that we are only partly persuaded by his arguments. Under the old rules, he says, "a broad field of choice was extended to each and every examinee, so broad that a deep knowledge of classics or mathematics was not positively essential to success."



But was there not a prevalent opinion that the "broad" was also the shallow knowledge? Was not sciolism encouraged by the demand for breadth and the disregard of "depth"? Of course, people who believe exclusively in a classical education have already made up their minds against the arguments of Mr. Scoones. Give us accuracy of scholarship, they say, and we ask no more from men of twenty-one. Now under the old system acquirements very unlike accuracy of classical scholarship had their chance of success. Sanskrit, moral science, thorough English and French, with Fifth-form Latin, might secure an appointment. But under the new system you cannot ask for this wealth of learning. Aristotle himself, who ought to know, says that young men are unfit for moral science, and Plato compares lads engaged with moral science to puppies worrying some unfortunate object. Sanskrit, too, is a "link too many" for most boys, if we may adopt an idiom from Nicholas, the regretted author of a work on Knur and Spell. Again, Mr. Scoones says that "ripe English scholarship, good average soundness in modern languages, and a branch of natural science, added to Fifth-form Latin," would sometimes win a place. But these accomplishments are no longer of service. It comes to this, Mr. Scoones says, that it is practically impossible for any lad whose bent is not to classics or mathematics to enter the Indian Civil Service. And he adds, "Only Upper Sixth-form boys need apply." We still fail to see, granting Mr. Scoones's premisses, why private teachers should not turn out boys quite as strong in classics and mathematics as the schools can produce. If the present private teachers are not masters of the classics, a new order of men who are adepts will take their places. For there must always be boys whom a private teacher can induce to be industrious, but who are tempted away from work by the social and athletic pleasures of schools. Among these boys the private teacher who is able to teach the subjects required will inevitably find his pupils.

Things become much more serious when Mr. Scoones complains that, under the new system, "every particle of real culture was made to disappear." We had supposed that the attentive reading of Homer and Thucydides was in itself no small part of a liberal education. But Mr. Scoones says that Greek and Latin are no longer to be studied in a liberal spirit. They are to be "shorn of their history, their literature, and antiquities." If this indeed be so, not only is the new system bad, but it follows that classical teaching at the public schools must be bad in spirit. We had understood that classical antiquities were no longer neglected at the schools, that gems and coins were studied, that history went along with philology; but it seems we were mistaken. English history, too, and the history of English literature, are neglected. Out of twenty-seven successful candidates in last July, twelve did not "take up" English history, and twelve declined to be examined in English literature. We doubt whether a man of twenty-one can be, as Mr. Scoones thinks, "a ripe English scholar"; but certainly a boy of nineteen should be ashamed of ignorance of English history.

It is not easy to arrive at any definite opinion upon the whole question. We confess that we prefer public to private, and classical to "general" education. We are tolerably certain that no wrong is done to the private interests of crammers by the new system, but we are by no means so sure that the public interests of India have not suffered. As to the personal topic, we admire the letter of a Crammer published in the *Guardian* (Nov. 17). This excellent tutor, when a parent asks his advice, says, "Keep him at a public school as long as you can. Still, I keep on in this line (cramming), for a man must live." As to the public interests, the experience of a very few years will show us whether the native gentry are wise in agitating, as Mr. Scoones says they are doing, "against what must appear to them an unstatesmanlike monopoly." Was the practical monopoly previously secured by the exertions of one or two private teachers more "statesmanlike"?

#### THE QUICK MARCH OF MILITARY REFORM.

THE British officer has fallen upon evil times. In common with his civilian fellow-creatures, he suffers from excess of paternal legislation regarding his mental improvement. The authorities will not leave him alone, and the insatiable educational demands of modern military science sit heavy on his soul. It can hardly be a matter for surprise if, during his moments of leisure, supposing him ever to have any, he now and then casts a regretful glance backward at the life led by his professional ancestors as depicted by Charles Lever and the authors of his school. It appeared to be all play and no work in those days; plenty of hard fighting in time of war and hard drinking in time of peace being the component elements of military life. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the picture was much overdrawn, for it is in keeping alike with the social and the military life of the day. At the beginning of this century an officer who had once passed his recruit's drill had completed the educational curriculum then required, and everything else was left to chance. He might or might not study his drill-book, and master the mysteries of battalion drill. If he did, he was regarded with mingled feelings of surprise and contempt by his comrades; if he did not, it did not much matter. The stock-in-trade with which he entered upon the arduous duties of active service consisted principally in a sublime ignorance of tactics in particular and of the art of war in

general, and a firm trust in Providence that everything would go right when the time came. When his turn for promotion arrived no questions as to his fitness were asked, for the simple reason that there was no one able to ask them. He might not know more than his predecessor; but, on the other hand, he certainly could not know less; and thus a certain standard of proficiency, though perhaps not a very exalted one, was maintained. Such a system naturally acted as a dead weight upon brains and talents, these commodities being at a discount, while money and interest came to the front. The service was full of purchase, nepotism, favouritism, and all uncleanness; in fact, it is evident altogether that, judged by the enlightened standard of the present day, the British officer of the past was but a sorry creature; and it is also clear that no troops led by such men had any business to win victories. Yet, strange to say, they were always winning victories. The long roll of names borne on the standards of our various regiments records a series of victories and triumphs won over the best troops of Europe and the most warlike tribes of Asia. A well-known officer of the first French Empire, Marshal Bugeaud, declared his opinion that the English infantry was the finest in the world. Another, General Foy, advised his countrymen never to attack them unless success was certain. The discipline of the British army has repeatedly excited the admiration of foreign critics. There yet remains another important fact to notice—namely, that, while in most other countries the army has seldom failed at some period or other to be a source of political embarrassment, our army has never caused us a moment's uneasiness on that score. We have had such things as naval mutinies, as witness Spithead and the Nore; but we have never had a military mutiny.

Now it is idle to maintain that such an army can have been badly officered. As a matter of fact, it was remarkably well officered; for the officers were exactly suited to the times in which they lived and to the men whom they commanded. It is to be observed that at the period we are speaking of—namely, the commencement of the present century—war had not attained to the dignity of a science. Here and there an officer who had risen rapidly through the lower grades might study tactics and strategy; but for the great mass who could never hope to rise high in their profession there was nothing to learn beyond the formal and cumbersome drill of the day. The weapons in use were primitive, and required no special training. Rifle drill, signalling, field-work instruction, topography, and the numerous other studies which are now considered necessary were not yet invented. The British officer of the day had nothing to do in time of peace, and he did it thoroughly and conscientiously. Nor was this of much moment when the nature of the warfare of those days is considered. Military operations were conducted with an amount of concentration which seldom allowed a subordinate to distinguish himself on detached service, and with a slowness and formality which gave ample time for deliberation in any moment of emergency or danger. A single example will suffice. Most readers of Napier's *Peninsula War* will remember his vivid description of how, in the operations preceding the battle of Salamanca, two hostile columns marched towards a common goal for upwards of ten miles within half musket-shot distance, the officers on either side saluting each other with their swords. But, as already stated, there was one thing which the British officer of the past did, and did well—he preserved most excellent discipline, and he maintained his authority and influence over his men unimpaired under circumstances which have almost invariably proved fatal to the discipline of foreign armies. We have seen it remarked by a foreign critic that the proudest boast of our troops ought to be that they have never been routed—that they have never exhibited such spectacles as those presented by the French at Rossbach and Vittoria, or by the Prussians at Jena. The bloody defeat of Fontenoy saw the British leave the field with unbroken ranks; the disastrous retreat to Corunna concluded with the orderly embarkation of every man who could reach the shore; the terrible day of Albuera showed how they could, by sheer steadiness and discipline, convert downright defeat into decisive victory; while, to come down to more modern times, the account of their behaviour at the wreck of the *Birkenhead* was ordered to be read to every regiment in the Prussian army. On the principle that the tree should be judged by its fruits, the British officer of those days was, we repeat, in spite of his lack of learning, a good, and what is more, a successful, public servant.

So much for him in the past. Before we consider him in the present we must glance for a moment at the new conditions of his profession. Every one is aware of the changes that have taken place in modern war. We have improved our weapons to such an extent as to inspire a wholesome fear of their effects, and whereas the soldier of the past had but one object in action, namely, to kill his enemy, the soldier of the present has two—to kill his enemy and to preserve himself. Possibly we may some day arrive at a state of things which will involve the inversion of the order in which we have put them, but we must not anticipate. In the meantime this new order of things has necessitated a considerable amount of study, the object of which is to make even the most subordinate officers familiar with the nature of the weapons wielded by their men, the formations and tactics best calculated to give those weapons their proper effect, and the best means for providing cover from the enemy's fire. Moreover, operations are nowadays conducted with a rapidity which allows no time for deliberation, and thus any officer may find himself compromised in a moment of emergency from want of knowledge. Accordingly, we have been compelled, in order to keep up with the times,

to institute a regular system of military education. At first it was confined exclusively to those who had not yet obtained commissions, an entrance examination only being demanded, and later examinations in drill and interior army economy were ordered before each step in rank was attained. Here there was a pause for some years, and then the educational or extra-professional subjects began to make their appearance. First came the musketry drill, which included the theory of the flight of projectiles, the effects of riding the barrels of small arms, and the manufacture of gunpowder; next came elementary fortification, military law, military topography, minor tactics, including the principles of employment of all three arms and the projectiles in use by artillery, military signalling, &c. At first the greater part of these were demanded only in the early stages of an officer's career, and even then on a moderate scale; but of late the educational pace has become more severe, and a recent Horse Guards' Order has created something approaching consternation among captains in the army. It introduces a new system which is to come into force on the 1st of January next, and its leading feature is that successive examinations of increasing severity have to be passed to qualify for each rank up to that of major, when all further examination ceases. The subjects are divided into four headings, namely—(a) Regimental Duties, (b) Drill, (c) Military Law, and (d) Duties in the Field. The two former are merely what have previously been demanded, though perhaps the new test is somewhat more searching. Section c involves a knowledge of the history of military law, of the Army Discipline Act, of the procedure of courts-martial, and of practice in framing charges. Section d is by far the most formidable, embracing as it does topography and fortification. In the former we have the construction and use of the prismatic compass and the necessary drawing implements, triangulation, traversing, contouring, eye-sketching, and road reconnaissance and reports. In addition to the above, captains are required to undertake the reconnaissance and occupation of a military position. The course of fortification includes the construction and use of scales, construction of parapets, penetrative powers of artillery, nature of field-guns now in use and their projectiles, hasty entrenchments, field-works, obstacles, revetments, working parties, various kinds of field-works with their advantages and defects, defence and attack of houses, demolition of bridges, barricades, railways, &c., knotting and lashing spars and construction of spar bridges, passage of rivers and fords. In addition to these, captains must also have a knowledge of the principles to be observed in attacking and defending villages, woods, and positions. At present there is one reassuring circumstance, and that is that only half-marks are required to pass in each subject; but before long the standard will probably be raised. An examination in riding is also now made compulsory—and most properly so—before the rank of major is attained. We remark, too, that no exemption from examination is now allowed, as was formerly the case, to officers who have proved their fitness in the field. It is distinctly stated that no officer either at home or abroad will be promoted when his turn arrives unless he has fulfilled the required conditions. No doubt all this is right and necessary, but we fear that there are numbers of old captains still serving upon whom these demands will press hardly, men who entered the service under very different conditions, and who, though they may not possess a high educational status, are not the less good officers. There are other serious questions also connected with this development of military education, but these we must reserve for a future occasion.

#### A GUEST BOOK.

THE passion for writing oneself down may be proved by excellent authorities to have always existed, but opportunities for its gratification have never been so fully provided as in these latter days. First there were the confidences of Confession Books, which, adopting the idea of an old children's game, enabled young ladies in their salad days to extract from their unhappy friends compromising avowals as to their tastes in literature, history, food, and many other things. Then followed an avalanche of Birthday Books, which indeed cannot be said to have yet ceased to fall. Every author of importance has now been laid under contribution, for mottoes, and birthday books are getting not a little stale. So some intelligent person has hit upon the idea of a Guest Book, which lies before us at this moment; and a well-known firm of publishers, celebrated for Christmas cards and such like things, has got it up in oblong album shape on paper of the colour of faded gooseberry fool, with blue lines and letterpress. Like all great ideas the notion is a simple conversion of an old and familiar thing, the "Visitors Book," familiar to the traveller as perhaps the most fertile field for the discovery and exploration of the folly and vulgarity of British mankind. The arrangement is methodical enough. There is a quotation at the head of each page, and a quotation at the beginning of each line. On this line the guest is supposed to inscribe his name, his address, the dates of his arrival and departure, and the place of his destination, while a space is allowed him for "events, adventures, and remarks." The latter might be found a little cramping by the scribblers who cover whole pages of inn-albums with comic verse or gushing prose, for it does not much exceed an inch in height, and seven or eight in width. But a good deal may be done in it with a crowquill. Very possibly the thing may be itself intended for an inn-album, but it rather

suggests itself as appealing to private hosts, and to guests who do not pay for their entertainment in coin of the realm.

This being the case, the section of "events, adventures, and remarks" seems a little awkward. Matter-of-fact persons ought not to be much puzzled by the "events," and a faithful record might be instructive to after-comers, by showing them what they have to expect. There are few houses so abundantly provided with distractions that the course of A.'s experiences will not in some way forecast B.'s, and the thoughtful person anxious to lay out his time to the best advantage might be grateful for the record. "Adventures" suggests more difficulties, but "remarks" is the *crux*. What sort of remarks is an unfortunate guest taking leave of his host expected to put down in that host's Guest Book? Is he to be guided by veracity or politeness? And, if by the latter, how far may his politeness go without introducing a dangerous confusion between the house and the hotel? For instance, would it be safe to imitate The Mulligan, and remark that the champagne is good at this house? If this be allowed, we are obviously on an inclined plane; and the distance is not so very great to "very comfortable house, great civility and attention from the worthy host and hostess"—which is not to be thought of. Uncomplimentary remarks are obviously impossible, and yet successive eulogies might be suspicious. The poetical vein which seizes persons who take their ease in their inn could hardly be indulged; and altogether it seems probable that, whenever the Guest Book is brought into actual use, the section of "events, adventures, and remarks" might as well be covered with black ink, like an English newspaper when it is delivered to the reader in Russia. Without this, however, it sinks to the level of a mere register of names and dates, such as used to be kept at most London hall-doors before the invention of visiting cards; and its positive service would not go much further than to make it tolerably certain that the visitor's letters would be sent on to the right place. The compiler, therefore, seems to have done either too much or too little. Instead of his dangerous and ambiguous heading of "events, adventures, and remarks," he should have appended a string of definite questions for the departing guest to answer to the best of his judgment—such as "What is the best wine in the cellar of this house?" "Is it safe to come down very late to breakfast?" and so forth. Such inquiries would be a little *intimes*, but they might be so put and so answered as to be full of instruction to the newcomer, and to avoid any danger of hurting the susceptibilities of the hosts. In strictness, to be sure, this part of the book ought to be in the charge of a confidential servant, who should show it to no one but a *bonâ fide* arriving or departing guest. But there might be difficulties about this. Indeed it is not particularly easy to imagine any arrangement of the Guest Book which should provide for "remarks," and which at the same time should not be exposed to difficulties.

The mottoes, or, as he himself calls them, the "appropriate quotations," of the Guest Book are apparently the feature of it on which the author most prides himself. The worst of them is that there seems to be a certain happy-go-luckiness about them, and that it is by no means sure that they would always go lucky. For instance, a whole departure page is headed, "I have not seen this year such company at once within this house as is here now," which, if complimentary to the present, is a little unkind to the absent. A man, too, who pays his first visit, and is shy, might not be best pleased to find the epigraph "Old friends are best" staring him in the face as he signs his unfamiliar name. A martyr to the gout with a snappish temper—as such martyrs frequently have—might be somewhat insulted at being requested to "Come and trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe." "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast," suggests Pecksniffian possibilities. Nor, though the author—or, rather, the compiler—has in some cases ventured thus on perilous ground, has he been able to fill his book. After some scores of pages the mottoes begin again and revolve in the same cycle, which seems to show either a certain poverty in English literature, or a certain indolence in the selector. It is fair, however, to remember that when he has headed his pages his labour is by no means over. He has then to devise side mottoes, one of which, as has been said, accompanies every line. Here, however, like the compilers of the birthday books already mentioned, he has given himself a really charming latitude of selection. What, in the name of the Sphinx, is an unhappy, and possibly nervous, person, to make of the statement, "I must be cruel only to be kind," against which he or she is solicited to write his or her name? It suggests the most awful possibilities, and the heroine of *Northanger Abbey* would have nearly fainted at the announcement. "A friend of solitude" may mean that the guest is to be left a good deal to himself, and this, though acceptable to some people, would be very much the reverse to others. "To me, fair friend, you never can be old," suggests a painful inference as to the probable opinion of the world in general. "I have important business, the tide whereof is now," seems rather appropriate to the holder of a little bill than to a guest. "Dearest friends, alas, must part," addressed to a guest on his arrival, is of dubious hospitality. "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone," suggests that the compiler thought that anything that had farewell in it would do. In short, we do very much suspect that mottoes already selected for a Birthday Book or some other similar work have been re-arranged pell-mell by the sides of these pages, the effect being occasionally describable by no other word than idiotic. What in the world, for instance, can be the fitness of "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," in such a place as this? Re-



petition prevails here, as in the headlines, and it might be a little mortifying to somebody who had been pleased to find himself described in the flattering terms "You flavour everything; you are the *vanille* of society," to turn over the pages and discover the same text standing by the side of the name of the greatest bore of his acquaintance.

We do not suppose that the mania for mottoes will stop at Guest Books, nor is there any reason why it should. Doubtless, we shall soon have motto Cellar Books, motto Washing Books, and so forth, all "the books of the establishment," in short, with which Frank Fairleigh made his acquaintance, but adapted to cultivated tastes and nicely illuminated. Both the volumes we have suggested have great capacities for intelligent selection of quotations. The Washing Book might be made into a treatise *de re vestiaria*, almost after the heart of the Baron of Bradwardine; and the testimony of the Cellar Book to classic views of fermented liquor would make Dr. Richardson shake his head more than ever over the secular perversity of mankind. The various publications by which Messrs. Letts and other enterprising printers endeavour to lessen the toil of house-keeping all admit of similar treatment. The Rental Book, especially at the present time, suggests a neat *encadrement* of selections from the oratorical works of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Redpath, and other guides and friends of landlords. The Game Book might be edited by Mr. Peter Taylor from one point of view, by Mr. Chaplin from another, and by an enthusiastic naturalist from a third. Only we would suggest that in any future extension of the system the mottoes should be more liberal in number and somewhat more appropriate to the subject than is the case in the volume before us. We cannot undertake to say who was responsible in the first place for the bright idea of taking scraps from the classics and applying them anyhow to base uses of this kind; but the notion certainly seems to have "taken." To a reasonable being one would have thought that the whole charm of such a thing, if it had any charm at all, would be in the fact of its being home-made, as, to do it justice, the original album, the fount of all these plagues, was at least supposed to be. It is sufficiently absurd that a thousand Smiths or Browns should be proudly appropriating the same printed description of their character and virtues in a Birthday Book, or writing themselves down "a scholar, and a ripe and good one," or "Of high-wrought vein, fastidious" in this present Guest Book. Perhaps the machine-made air of the proceeding is not unbefitting an age of machinery. After all, the Guest Book may possibly amuse somebody in an inn parlour, which seems its natural home, and in that case the exiguity of its space for remarks will be rather a blessing than otherwise. Perhaps we should mention, in respect to its ornamentation, that, while it has duly got *Salve* and *Vale* on it, it has not got a dog, nor have we discovered any trace of *Cave canem*. The absence of these favourite embellishments is somewhat surprising. However, there are some rather pleasing swallows on the cover, which, if not so learned as the dog, are perhaps more appropriate.

#### THE COST OF LITIGATION.

A LETTER has lately been published, addressed by Mr. Chalmers, a barrister, to Baron Pollock, on the subject of "The Cost of Litigation." When we say that Mr. Chalmers regrets the excessive cost of legal proceedings nowadays, and strives to point out a method by which it may be reduced and minimized, the irreverent and flippant may be tempted to scoff at his laudable endeavour, and to suggest that the idea of a barrister seeking to reduce the cost of law is analogous to that of an alderman deprecating the consumption of turtle, or a thief petitioning for an increase of the police force. To such, however, Mr. Chalmers's effort may be justified on the low ground of worldly wisdom, in that he points out that there is such a thing as killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and that law probably follows the same rules of supply and demand as other commodities. If it is good and cheap, the demand for it will rise in a corresponding ratio. We ourselves attribute to Mr. Chalmers a higher and more legitimate motive; but unquestionably Bar work has been very slack for some time past. Delay and expense combined, both of which evils seem to be on the increase, have frightened men from litigation; and there appears considerable danger of people adopting the Apostolic advice of suffering their wrongs quietly, and not going to law one with another, at any rate to the same extent that they used to do. Such a state of affairs, however, is scarcely suited to modern times, and rogues would flourish marvellously if by necessity or common accord their victims refrained from appealing to the arm of the law for protection or redress. So that it behoves lawyers, for the sake of the public no less than their own, to look around and see how they may render the Temple of Justice more accessible.

It is a sad and humiliating thing when any system introduced with a great flourish of trumpets is found wanting, when the goodly fruit crumbles like Dead Sea apples; but it is far worse to go on living in a fool's paradise, to congratulate ourselves on our system being the best possible system when in reality it is full of faults and aggravates the very evils it was designed to obviate. Seven years ago the first Judicature Act was passed, which was to introduce a new and matchless system of legal procedure; it was to redeem—tardily perhaps, but completely—the pro-

mise given at Runnymede, that "justice shall not be denied or delayed to any man," by bringing good and cheap law to every man's door. Inveigled by this flattering tale, litigants for a while flocked to the Law Courts, only to find things pretty much as they were before. But litigants are as slow as sheep to take example and warning by the fate of their precursors; and the disappointed ones were quieted by being told that the new system wanted a little time to get into working order, while those who were trembling on the brink were encouraged to take the fatal plunge by being assured that by the time their turn came everything would infallibly be in full working trim; and so the game was kept up. But now seven years have rolled by—time enough, in all conscience, for anything which was ever going to work at all to be working—with the result that there were at the beginning of the present sittings some eight hundred causes waiting for trial in Middlesex alone; which ghastly list is diminishing under the efforts of the few available judges, only because the disgusted would-be suitors do not care to pile Pelion on Ossa and begin actions to be set down possibly among the thousands; or else because some of those whose names already figure on this portentous roll, tired of waiting, have resorted, contrary to their original intention, to the expensive tribunal of the arbitrator. The number of R's and W's, denoting that a cause is referred or withdrawn respectively, now to be seen on the Middlesex list at Westminster, is a sorry sight for those who still believe in the efficacy of the Judicature Acts. Meanwhile, solicitors are engaged in making out bills for old work done instead of doing new, and barristers, returning fresh and keen for work after the Long Vacation, are compelled to eat out their hearts in chambers or loaf about Westminster with nothing to do, by reason of what is now too well known as a block in the Courts.

And is it really the lauded Judicature Acts that have brought us to this? Mr. Chalmers says it is, and he is in a position to judge. He was in the confidence of Mr. Arthur Wilson, draftsman of the original rules which constitute the working basis of the new procedure, and author of the standard work on existing practice. When Mr. Wilson was translated to a judgeship in India he bequeathed his mantle to Mr. Chalmers, who is bringing out a new edition of the aforesaid book of practice; and it is in the course of the study involved in this task that Mr. Chalmers has become convinced that the present state of affairs is attributable, in part at least, to defects in our code of procedure.

Having satisfied himself that the present system is far from perfect, Mr. Chalmers casts about for a remedy. It is obvious, as he points out, that "the deliberate policy of the Judicature Acts cannot be reversed, and that any return to the old state of things is impossible." The disturbance and confusion of a second revolution in judicial procedure occurring within a decade would be appalling, and is not to be thought of for a moment. "Any reforms in procedure must," as Mr. Chalmers justly observes, "be by way of amendment in the existing system." Before considering what appear to him the principal faults of that system, Mr. Chalmers remarks that "the cost of litigation is made up of two constituent elements, the expenditure of money out of pocket and the expenditure of time." It would, however, be bad economy to sacrifice efficiency for either expedition or mere cheapness, and therefore the two tests to which not only a system of procedure, but each individual rule of it, must in the interest of litigants be subjected are—"First, does it tend to elicit the whole of the relevant facts in a convenient form for the application of the law thereto? Second, does it seek to attain this end in the quickest possible manner, and with the least possible expenditure of time and money?" But to attain these ends a system of procedure need be very elastic. The causes which come before the Courts present every imaginable degree of complexity. Where the issues are simple, a simple method of presenting them for decision should be adopted; where the issues are multiform and involved, a more elaborate preliminary procedure may well be justified as tending to ultimate simplification and true economy. That the first of these principles was recognized by the framers of the Judicature Acts and their auxiliary rules is beyond question. With a view to meeting the very simplest cases, they did not deem it derogatory to the dignity of the High Court of Justice to undertake the lowly office of a debt collector. By the invaluable process technically known as Order 14, a plaintiff for debt may at the very earliest stage of his action call upon his adversary to show cause why he should not at once pay the sum claimed from him. If the case be a simple and plain one, the plaintiff recovers without further delay, and it is difficult to conceive a more speedy and salutary remedy, considering the number of actions which were formerly defended for the mere purpose of gaining time or bringing about a compromise. But it is only in the most transparent cases that this procedure is applicable. Judges will not try a case on an application of this sort, and the unsupported oath of the defendant that he does not owe the money, or his offer to bring it into Court, is in general sufficient to remit the plaintiff to the ordinary course of his action. Here, then, is the first of the defects Mr. Chalmers attributes to the Judicature Act system. It is, he says, a grave mistake to have no intermediate method of procedure between the bare simplicity of such debt-collecting as the above, and the elaborate, expensive, and tedious ordeal of a regular trial, with all its preliminary business of pleadings, interrogatories, discovery, &c. There are a large number of cases which are perhaps not quite simple and plain enough to be disposed of summarily amid the noise and bustle of Judges' Chambers by means of Order

14; but to apply to which the whole machinery necessarily framed and designed for the unravelling of the most complicated and multiform series of facts is as absurd and wasteful as using an hydraulic press to break a butterfly. Some intermediate process is manifestly desirable. What it should be we cannot undertake to say here, nor does Mr. Chalmers enlighten us; he only vaguely refers to "Chapter XII. of the Indian Civil Procedure Code."

The next object of Mr. Chalmers's animadversion is no less than that palladium of our liberties, the British Jury, which he states to be "by far the most expensive mode of trial that can be selected." The items of expense particularly chargeable against trial by jury are: (1) The necessity of more evidence, because of the impossibility of supplementing any oversight later on. (2) The greater uncertainty as to when the trial will come on, whereby witnesses are kept in attendance longer than they otherwise would be. (3) The necessity, or at least opportunity, for longer speeches by counsel, and a summing-up by the judge, whereby the trial is protracted. (4) The almost-invariable application for a new trial, on some ground connected with the finding of the jury. All this, as Mr. Chalmers says, "unavoidably gives an advantage to the litigant with the longest purse," and he suggests two amendments. The first carries a well-known provision of the existing system a little further, and provides that "when both parties consent to a trial by jury no new trial shall be granted on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and that where one party insists on his right to a jury against the wish of the other, the verdict shall be conclusive as regards the party so insisting." This really appears a most sensible suggestion. It is merely putting the finding of a jury on the same footing as the finding of an arbitrator, and there seems no logical reason why the decision of one man selected by the parties should be more conclusive than the decision of twelve men selected for them by the law. Moreover, as Mr. Chalmers points out, juries are now relieved from a large portion of their responsibility by knowing that if the presiding judge disagrees with their verdict, there will in all probability be a new trial; and with this pleasing assurance that justice will probably ultimately be done in any case, they are apt to disregard the extra expense which a careless or unconsidered verdict is likely to entail upon the parties; whereas, if they knew their verdict would be final, they would in all probability bestow more care and thought upon it. The lightening of the work of Divisional Courts, and the consequent liberation of more judges to try causes at Nisi Prius, would not be least of the advantages to be expected from such a scheme. Mr. Chalmers even goes so far as to suggest that "except in certain specified cases, trial by jury should only be allowed after leave obtained from a judge, and that the decision of the judge on the point should be final"—thus making trial by jury the exception instead of the rule. This appears an alarming innovation, but, as Mr. Chalmers says, a good many cases have latterly been tried very satisfactorily by a judge alone which would formerly have been tried with a jury. Unsuccessful litigants are more wont to attribute partiality to a jury than to a judge; and a large number of cases which now come for trial before a jury have sooner or later in the course of the trial to be referred, to the no small disgust and expense of the parties. If, as appears demonstrable, trial by jury is in a large majority of cases an inappropriate and extravagant method of adjudication, it is certainly advisable to bring a little pressure to bear in order to wean people from that to which they would, more from force of habit than from any deliberate or intelligent choice, be prone to resort. The class of actions which Mr. Chalmers would always retain for the consideration of a jury are actions involving questions of fraud or personal character, actions involving complicated questions of mercantile usage, tried in a place where a good special jury can be got, and actions against Railway Companies for personal injuries. The retention of the latter class of actions he justifies on the ground of public policy, the exemplary damages usually given by juries in accident cases acting as a salutary incentive to caution and vigilance on the part of Companies.

The abolition of formal pleadings in favour of a simple statement of the issues of fact in simple cases is also recommended by Mr. Chalmers, and, as in the case of jury trials, he points out that a little gentle compulsion would probably be necessary to induce people to quit the beaten tracks of procedure for those which might be selected as more conducive to their welfare. Such at least was the experience derived from an optional provision of this sort which existed in the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852, but which, probably because nobody availed himself of it, was not reproduced in the Judicature Acts.

The number of appeals from an order of a Master sitting at Common Law Chambers which is open to a persistent litigant naturally calls for some remark. The Master is practically sitting as Judge, yet an appeal lies from him to the Judge, from the Judge to the Divisional Court, from the Divisional Court to the Court of Appeal, and thence to the House of Lords; and all this about a matter which may not ultimately materially affect the final decision of the cause. The Chancery practice is far more rational—an appeal from the Judge in Chambers usually going straight to the Court of Appeal, no such thing as a Divisional Court being known; and an assimilation of the two systems would be a ready and natural method of diminishing the cost and delay incident to the Common Law procedure; an almost endless chain of appeals tending, moreover, to induce that sense of comparative irresponsibility in judges and counsel which the ever-present potentiality of a new trial inspires in juries.

The constitution of Divisional Courts is also open to criticism.

The judges of the Chancery Division are not *ex hypothesi* wiser than their Common Law brethren, and yet a single Chancery judge daily disposes of matters no less important or momentous than those which require the united energies of two, or sometimes three, Common Law judges. To adopt one of Mr. Chalmers's illustrations, County Court judges have unlimited jurisdiction in bankruptcy, yet a bankruptcy appeal from a County Court lies to a single Chancery judge, while the most trumpery appeal from the limited Common Law jurisdiction of the same County Court can only be dealt with by two Common Law judges sitting as a Divisional Court. An amending Judicature Act of 1876 was certainly a step in the right direction, enacting as it did that all matters should as far as possible be settled by one judge, and that, save in exceptional cases, a Divisional Court should be constituted of two, not three, judges; but the first clause of this provision has hitherto only resulted in a scanty number of "further considerations;" and it is by no means an uncommon sight at Westminster to see three judges sitting in banc, hearing cases obviously not within the far too large class directed so to be heard. Mr. Chalmers would relegate matters now heard by Divisional Courts, with but two justifiable exceptions, to a single judge sitting in open Court, thus assimilating the practice of the Divisions, and effecting a large saving of judicial power.

The next suggested amendment is that the Long Vacation should be curtailed, or, if that be found impracticable, that it should begin and end earlier, in order to fit in more with the ordinary holiday time of business men and secure the greatest amount of efficiency; the heat of a crowded court in August rendering, as Mr. Chalmers says, a day's work then inferior in quantity and quality to a day's work in October. We will not dwell here on the anachronism of a total cessation of business for more than three months at a time in this hard-working age, or on the hardship thereby inflicted alike on suitors and those members of the legal profession whose work cannot necessitate, and whose means can hardly stand, so protracted a period of idleness. The Long Vacation in its inordinate immensity is, we fondly hope, doomed; it certainly is so unless concessions are made by its upholders, and the least of such concessions is that suggested by Mr. Chalmers.

Passing over a suggestion as to the functions of the Council of Judges, which body Mr. Chalmers believes has never met since its institution, we come to a very serious blot in the existing system. The Judicature Acts expressly preserved all pre-existing procedure, save so far as it might be inconsistent with the new, and they expressly repealed nothing. The extent of the confusion thus introduced may be judged from the fact recorded by Mr. Chalmers, that when in 1877 Mr. Arthur Wilson was commissioned to draw up a list of the unrepealed statutes relating to procedure, that list contained no less than 479 Acts, to say nothing of 231 Rules of Court under the Common Law Procedure Acts and 42 Consolidated Orders of the Court of Chancery. A repealing Act passed in 1879 got rid of 104 of the above-mentioned statutes, but affected none passed since 1851; so that more than 300 Acts, together with a mass of rules and orders, still remain to complicate matters and hinder the rapidity and efficiency of the course of litigation; for, inasmuch as the Judicature Acts fail to cover the whole ground, many important remedies have still to be sought by means of the old procedure. Mr. Chalmers suggests the obvious remedy—namely, that all these statutes, rules, and orders should be swept clean away, and that such of their provisions as it appears desirable to retain should be incorporated into the Judicature Acts and rules, thus rendering these the sole repository of a self-contained and complete code of procedure.

Such is the substance of Mr. Chalmers's charge against the Judicature Acts and the system introduced by them. As will have been seen, he does not in every case attribute the enhanced cost and delay of litigation directly to the inherent vices of the new procedure. Its faults are as much those of omission as of commission. Its framers had an opportunity of really reforming all existing abuses; they allowed many of these to continue, and added a few more. But people grow wiser by experience, and though tinkering legislation is usually to be deprecated, it might be well to try the effect of the adoption of some, if not all, of Mr. Chalmers's suggestions.

#### GUSTAVE PLANCHE ON KEAN AND MACREADY.

IN 1835 there appeared in Paris an illustrated magazine called *Le Monde Dramatique*, which had enough success to leave its mark behind it in the shape of three well but closely printed volumes, averaging considerably over four hundred pages each. Whether it reached beyond the third volume, which is dated 1836, the first two belonging to 1835, we have never been able to find out; but the three volumes as they stand are a mine of information and criticism on the theatre of the time, which, it need hardly be said, was one of the most important in the history of the modern drama. Among the contributors were the great Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Soulié, Alphonse Karr, Maquet, Bouchardy, Léon Gozlan, Albéric Second, Gustave Planche, and Hector Berlioz; among the illustrators were Gavarni, Devéria, and Célestin Nanteuil. It is, however, only in the first two volumes, and especially in the first, that such distinguished names as these are to be found; and it seems not unlikely, therefore, that the interest or popularity, or both, of the



work declined by degrees, and that it practically, if not actually, disappeared in the second year of its life. Its criticisms include the German, English, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and Chinese stages, and deal with theatrical performances of every kind, from the Français to the Cirque Franconi; its illustrations and its portraits of singers and actors of the time are full of merit and interest. Besides theatrical and musical criticism, the volumes contain a great deal of fine confused reading—wild stories by Bouchardy, artistic essays of many kinds, and amongst other curious matter a biography of the real Mlle. Maupin, which shows how much material Gautier found ready to his hand, and what a skilful use he made of it, and to which, on the words, "sa vie toute bizarre, pleine d'incidents curieux, pourrait fournir la matière d'un roman plein d'intérêt," there is a foot-note:—"Un de nos collaborateurs, M. Théophile Gautier, s'occupe en effet depuis longtemps d'un roman qui porte pour titre; *Mlle. Maupin*." The volumes are, as we have already said, full of interest for all who care about dramatic affairs, and we may have more to say of them on a future occasion. For the present it may be not uninteresting, especially in this time of Shakspearian revivals, to see what Gustave Planche had to say of the "Théâtre Anglais" in 1835. M. Planche began his essay by some remarks on the close connexion which, as he thought, always existed between the state of poetry and the state of the stage. Great poets may sometimes be interpreted by mediocre actors, and great actors may find no contemporary work worthy of their powers; but "il faut reconnaître que les grands poètes et les grands acteurs se tiennent ordinairement par la main. Pour les grandes pensées il se trouve d'éclatants interprètes; et même il n'est pas rare que le spectacle d'une pantomime admirable renouvelle et inspire des esprits qui jusque-là demeuraient engourdis." Instances of the truth of this last assertion might easily be multiplied, and readers of Macready's Reminiscences will remember a striking one which is to be found in them. "What I have just said," continues the writer, "gives the key to the present state of the stage in England. There is a want of great writers, and a consequent want of great actors." He goes on to say that since Kean's death there has been no tragedian worthy of Shakspeare. Between Shakspeare and Kean there was a complete sympathy; "chez le poète et le comédien c'était la même inspiration, la même soudaineté de génie." Shakspeare's method as a writer was matched by Kean's as an actor. Shakspeare did not, as many "docteurs ignorans" believe and assert, allow himself to be carried away by the impetus of his thought; on the contrary, "il intervient par sa volonté et même par sa patience dans les moindres parties de son œuvre. Mais il aime particulièrement les traits imprévus par lesquels se révèle le caractère d'un personnage." He had the resources of the stage completely at command, and he took his own way with a deliberate purpose. To that way Kean's way was admirably fitted. The actor could give to his interpretation the same air of spontaneity, the result of patient labour, which the poet gave to his writing. Not, says M. Planche, that I deny the inspiration which often impelled this great actor. But I know that he never trusted to inspiration as it might come on the boards at night for the interpretation of a character. He had a higher idea of his art. He did not wait till he was before the public to find the means of moving them. He came on the stage conscious of a power already tried, knowing what gestures, what intonations, he meant to use. But, like the great orators, while he commanded the crowd, he himself obeyed a higher power, and sometimes, in his complete identification of himself with the character he represented, his familiar demon gave him some new light. However, "la spontanéité apparente de ses mouvements n'allait jamais à l'entier abandon." Kean, M. Planche ended by saying, carried his secret away with him; no one who followed him recalled his genius.

Macready, he continued, was certainly the best of Kean's successors; but how wide was the interval between them! Macready should play tragedy rather than drama. "Il est trop dédaigneux et trop sévère pour se plier aux détails de la réalité. Amoureux avant tout de la beauté linéaire, Macready représenterait dignement les héros de Sophocle." He excelled in giving by his gestures and attitudes a meaning to words which otherwise might fall flat. He has the statuesque beauty and repose which belong to the Greek drama; he has majesty and simplicity, but he wants vivacity and impulse—"on dirait qu'il a peur de troubler sa beauté par un mouvement indiscret." In short, Sophocles, Corneille, and Racine he can play admirably; Shakspeare he cannot play. It is not surprising to M. Planche that Macready has a special liking for Sheridan Knowles's plays. Since he cannot appear in Greek or French tragedy, it is natural that he should turn to those pieces which, without resembling the classical type, are yet furthest removed from Shakspeare. In works of this kind, which have in themselves mighty little value, Macready finds a free scope. He takes the play as a painter might take a blank canvas. There is nothing to prevent his indulging his love for simple and harmonious lines. As the sentiments he has to utter are of little importance, and the action is generally subordinated to the scenic effect, Macready assumes a tragedy of Sheridan Knowles's as he might assume a large flowing cloak, in which he drapes himself, loosening and tightening it round his shoulders at will. His liking for Sheridan Knowles, far from being a tribute to the playwright, is merely a proof of the actor's shrewdness. He does not devote himself to interpreting the poet; he makes use of him as a man makes use of a well-trained hack. Macready, M. Planche ends by saying, is about, it is said, to leave the stage, and

become a clergyman. It would not be surprising if in this new career he obtains more fame and popularity than in his former one. "Car la prédication n'a pas les mêmes exigences que la scène; l'évangile est plus simple que Shakspeare."

All this reads oddly enough nowadays, and seems to show that Gustave Planche, having seen Macready only in Sheridan Knowles's plays, founded upon his performances the curious theories which he put forward. There may, no doubt, have been truth in some parts of his judgment; but, if it was entirely true, one can only suppose that he knew better than all the English critics whose opinions have been recorded.

Charles Kemble (M. Planche seems not to have seen the great John) brings to the parts which he plays close study and remarkable insight. But he was not any better fitted to play Shakspeare than was Macready, with his sculptural grace. He paid too much attention to the "caractère prosodique et musical d'Hamlet et de Romeo." And although, no doubt, there is grace and melody in many of Shakspeare's pages, yet M. Planche was sure that metrical beauties were the last things he considered; "ses devoirs de comédien et de directeur ne lui permettaient pas de travailler comme un poète de cour." There is a cheerful assurance about this statement which belonged naturally enough to one of the clique who had determined to "enfoncez les anciens." It would have hardly done for a devout Romanticist to admit that Shakspeare's verse was beautiful except by chance, and in "plusieurs pages." However, the effect upon M. Planche of Charles Kemble's style was that he missed all the meaning of the part. In Hamlet, for example, in "To be or not to be," il multiplie les pauses presque à chaque vers. On dirait qu'il craint de laisser dans l'ombre une beauté de style. Son débit ressemble volontiers à une leçon de déclamation." He seems to be reading Shakspeare to a class of young students, and pointing out to them the rhetorical beauties of the great poet. One expects to hear him diverge into comments on the text. The lecturer is thoroughly up in his work; but the author disappears. On the methodic and monotonous method which Planche attributed, justly or not, to Charles Kemble in tragic poetry he has some good remarks to make. In ordinary life, he wrote, the uniform carrying out of one purpose may be, to some placid and unemotional natures, true happiness; but it will not do upon the stage. The perpetual repetition of the same gestures and intonation will end by giving coldness to the most perfectly conceived part. No one should be recommended to trust to the impulse of the moment; that is a senseless attempt; a mere caprice of vanity. But in every part memory and invention should have each a distinct place. "Que la trame générale du rôle soit déterminée d'avance, mais qu'il soit permis à l'acteur d'inventer pour quelques mailles de ce tissu des figures nouvelles; qu'il puisse, sans être accusé d'aventure, exercer à la fois sa mémoire et son imagination. Charles Kemble ne partage pas notre avis. Mais le public se range de notre côté; et nous croyons qu'il n'agit pas légèrement. L'art dramatique, réduit à la seule mémoire, n'a plus d'action sur la foule."

#### THE SCARCITY OF SOUND INVESTMENTS.

THE growing scarcity of sound investments is a phenomenon that is forcing itself upon the attention of the least observant of those who have any money to put by. Only a few years ago French Rentes yielded over 5 per cent. on the market price, and not very long since United States Government Bonds could be bought to return 7 and 8 per cent. Where now can securities such as these be found to give a like income? Consols are no longer at par, but they are so little under it that practically they may be said to yield only 3 per cent.; United States Four's yield about 3½ per cent.; French Rentes about 4 per cent.; Indian Sterling Bonds not quite 4 per cent.; and Colonial Government securities generally about the same rate. Even Russian and Hungarian bonds, great as is the risk attached to them, pay an investor only 5½ and 6½ per cent. respectively. And if we pass from the securities of States to those of private Companies we find that those in good credit give usually from 3 to 4 per cent., but seldom more. It is obvious, too, that the tendency is to reduce still lower the return to the investor. In other words, really good investments are becoming scarcer and scarcer every year, and of course their scarcity enhances their price. It is a common complaint that all Stock Exchange prices at present are extravagantly high, not alone in England, but all over the world; and though to a certain extent this is due to speculation, fostered by the abundance of capital in the short-loan market, the permanent tendency of events is to lower the interest of money. The principal cause of this is the magnitude of the annual savings in the more advanced countries of the world. In his paper on "Recent Accumulations of Capital" Mr. Giffen estimates the annual savings of the United Kingdom in the ten years from 1865 to 1875 at 240 millions. Granting that the depression in trade and the series of bad harvests have since greatly diminished the rate of accumulation, still the savings every year must have been enormous. Part of these were invested in bringing new land into cultivation—a process which went on even in 1879, perhaps the worst year of the century; part in improving land previously cultivated; part in ship-building; part in renewing and replacing the mechanical appliances used in industry; part in house-building; and part in founding new businesses or extending old ones. But there remained a large balance, which flowed to the Stock Exchange for investment.

The busy man and the idle man alike who have surplus money wish to invest it in a manner in which, if there should be need, it can be easily realized, and in which, while out of the owner's control, it will not call for his supervision, or give him any trouble. On the Stock Exchange alone can he usually find a security of the kind. And accordingly there is always an immense sum seeking employment there. It has been said—we know not upon what basis of calculation—that at the present moment there are 200 millions in this country waiting investment. Whatever may be thought of this estimate, it is certain that the amount is enormous. In France it is generally estimated that, in spite of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, of the ravages of the *phylloxera*, and of the series of bad harvests, the annual savings are about 120 millions sterling. We are inclined to think this estimate too low. It is only half Mr. Giffen's estimate for the United Kingdom during the period 1866-75; and France, we know, is making marvellous progress in wealth, her people are among the thriftiest in the world, and the national riches are so widely distributed that very few amongst them are without the means of saving something. They invest upon the Stock Exchange far more generally than English people do, and consequently the demand for Stock Exchange securities is very great in France. It is hardly necessary to say anything of the great and rapid growth of wealth in the United States. Estimates of the rate of growth must necessarily be very conjectural, but we may safely conclude that the annual savings are not less than in the United Kingdom. Thus for these three countries alone we arrive at a grand total of about 600 millions sterling of annual savings. If this conclusion appears incredible to any of our readers, we would remind them that Russia, the poorest of the great European States, was able to defray the whole cost of the war against Turkey out of her own savings. Not having been able to raise a loan abroad, she was compelled to borrow at home—that is to say, to defray the cost of the war out of the funds in her own loan market. If the savings of Russia sufficed for this purpose, our estimate for England, France, and the United States is clearly not exaggerated.

The demand growing out of this vast saving necessarily enhances prices. And the effect is intensified by the rapid diminution of existing first-class securities, and the rare creation of new ones. Since the close of the Civil War the United States have paid off nearly 160 millions sterling of their debt, and they have converted the greater part of the remainder into a debt bearing only 4½ and 4 per cent. interest. The Sixes and the Fives still outstanding will fall due and be refunded next year. When this process is completed, nearly one-third of the United States Debt will have been swept away, and of what will be left not a single bond will bear more than 4½ per cent. interest. Moreover, the reduction in the charge of the debt will be such as to make it possible, if the people so choose, to clear it bodily away in about fifteen years or less. In other words, United States bonds will by-and-by not be obtainable in Europe. Compared with what the Americans have done, our efforts to reduce debt have been trifling. Still we have greatly diminished the funded debt during the past twenty years, and in 1885, when the Terminable Annuities fall in, it will be in the power of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day, provided peace is preserved, to put in operation a scheme that will rapidly reduce the debt. Further, Turkey's repudiation of her debt in 1875 destroyed at a stroke what had previously been considered a vast property. And the bankruptcy of so many other States has still further narrowed the area of investment. Against these reductions and disappearances the only great creation of first-class securities within the past ten years has been the French Indemnity Loans. It will be seen, however, if we add together the repayments by the United States, England, and Germany, and the repudiations by Turkey and Peru, that the latter greatly exceed the new issues. In fact, since 1873, new issues upon a great scale have ceased. This is true of industrial and commercial undertakings as well as of States. As we saw last week in discussing the railways of the world, the United Kingdom has practically completed its railway system. Whatever may be done in the future, there can in this country be no vast railway constructions as in the past. France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium find capital for their own lines; Russia has not credit enough to raise a loan for the present; and Hungary is obliged to be cautious. It is the same with most of the colonies. At any moment a new mania for foreign loans may no doubt spring up, and railways may be financed for all sorts of places; but we are now dealing only with the present and the immediate past, and it is unquestionable that the issues of first-class securities have not kept pace with the reductions. At the same time the new savings constantly made have been seeking for investment, and have not been met by any new creations.

The inevitable result of this double movement is the rise of prices to which we referred above, or, in other words, a fall in the rate of interest. This is the natural tendency in all advanced communities. During the past forty years it has been counteracted by the construction of railways, which, in the United Kingdom alone, have used up a capital nearly equal to the present amount of the National Debt. The tendency has further been checked by the laying down of telegraph wires all over the globe, by the replacement of sailing vessels by steamers, and the substitution of iron for wood in naval construction, by the vast development of industry and manufactures, and by the immense loans made to foreign States. But there has come a pause in the creation of all these forms of investment, and instantly

the permanent tendency of events asserts itself. The prices of securities rise, money accumulates in Lombard Street, and bankers complain that they can get nothing for it. Is this state of things likely to last? Are the saving classes permanently to make up their minds to a lower return for their savings? It is always hazardous to predict; but we are not inclined to give an affirmative answer to these questions. We see no reason to conclude that the era of mechanical inventions has abruptly come to an end; and, if it has not, we cannot suppose that our present instruments of production and locomotion do not admit of improvement. To take an illustration. If the Thomas and Gilchrist process of making steel turns out as well as is now expected, it is only reasonable to infer that steel will supplant iron in naval construction, just as iron supplanted wood, and consequently that we are about to witness a revolution in shipbuilding. Further, steel rails must take the place of iron rails. Even now this latter change is in progress. But, if steel is really so much more lasting than iron and so much cheaper as is said, railway directors will soon find out that the line which is first steel-laid from end to end will get an advantage over its competitors; and when once this is realized there will be a race between the Companies. But such a race would involve a revolution in the iron industry also, and a complete reconstruction of works; and none of these transformations can be effected without an immense expenditure. This particular forecast may or may not be fulfilled, but in any case the possibility shows how a single great invention may put all vaticinations to naught. Again, as we pointed out last week, the railway systems of the world are as yet in their infancy, will certainly be extended, and must use up vast capitals. Lastly, should a great European war break out, it would rapidly absorb the world's savings. It would be out of place here to inquire into the probability of a great European war; but nobody will deny that it is among the possible contingencies of the future. In spite, then, of the permanent tendency towards a low rate of interest, it would be rash to assume hastily that the inducements to saving are about to be diminished.

## REVIEWS.

FOWLER'S LOCKE.\*

IT is difficult to refrain from doubt as to the wisdom or necessity of the rule which has imposed an inflexible uniformity of size on this "English Men of Letters" series. The handiness and cheapness of the volumes are laudable objects in themselves; and it appears to be assumed in all enterprises of this kind that not only a certain average size and price are to be maintained, but the size and price must be invariable for each individual member of the series. Doubtless English publishers know their public; and the intrusion, say, of a three-and-sixpenny volume into a half-crown series, would import a loss in copies sold not to be made up by subsequent redress of the balance in some two-shilling successor. The singularly artificial arrangements of our book-trade seem to have brought us into a state in which nobody will buy books unless they are very dear or very cheap; and in either case a certain tickling of the imagination seems needful to make the price go down. The cost of the luxurious library edition of a work whose standing is already assured must be counted in guineas; that of the cheap student's book must be expressible by some equally familiar, though humbler, unit of account. In the name of half-a-crown there seems to be a certain fitness of things, whereby in the subjective arithmetic of the book-buyer two half-crowns are manifestly less than three shillings and two shillings. Nevertheless, uniformity has its drawbacks; and it is a Procrustean exigency that compels Goldsmith to be treated on the same scale as Milton. And Professor Fowler must have chafed a little, we should guess, at the compass allotted to him in common with his fellows for his own particular task of setting forth Locke's life and work. In the case of Hume, Professor Huxley cut the knot by giving but a slight sketch of the man's life, and throwing his whole strength on a free and popular, yet concentrated, exposition of Hume's philosophy. With Locke this was hardly possible; the manifold activity and varied interests of his life could not fairly be dealt with in a less proportion of the whole book than has been allotted to them. We cannot say but that Professor Fowler has done well, though the account of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* for which room is thus left is perforce very slender indeed. With the execution, too, we have every reason to be content; the tale is well and pleasantly told, and told with the scholar-like composure and absence of flippancy which become the matter of it.

Nevertheless, Professor Fowler has not escaped falling into a quarrel by his useful and, as we should have said, unpretentious piece of work. Four years ago Mr. Fox Bourne brought out a *Life of Locke* in two volumes, a careful and meritorious performance, containing many new facts and documents—unpublished writings of Locke's and other things of considerable interest. It was duly noticed here and elsewhere, and may be said to have established itself as not only the latest, but the fullest and best, account of Locke to be had.

\* *Locke*. By Thomas Fowler, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880. (In "English Men of Letters" Series.)



This being so, Professor Fowler naturally made use of Mr. Fox Bourne's work, with such acknowledgment as he thought fitting to the nature of the case. We should suppose that Mr. Fox Bourne's Life was pretty constantly before him; now and then he seems to have followed it even in the turn of a phrase, which, however, may be due to fresh but unconscious reminiscence rather than to copying. But Professor Fowler, naturally enough again, did not think it needful to make a special note every time he gave a fact or document which had been given by Mr. Fox Bourne. Even in works of a larger scale we take the rule to be this:—If A. gives something material simply on B.'s authority, he ought to cite B. for it. But if, whether guided by B. or otherwise, he goes to the ultimate authorities which B. consulted and works from them, he is not bound to cite B. specifically, though his results may be the same. A general acknowledgment of having found B.'s work useful is all that literary justice requires. And we now know from the statement made by Professor Fowler in self-defence—which, being not improbable in itself, we are bound to accept—that he has by no means used Mr. Fox Bourne's work without verification, but has constantly verified and sometimes corrected it. What Professor Fowler has actually done in the matter of acknowledgment is this; in the prefatory note he says:—

In writing the chapters on Locke's Life, I have derived much information from the biographies of Lord King and Mr. Fox Bourne, especially the latter, which contains a large amount of most interesting documents never before printed. In a work like the present, where numerous foot-notes would be out of place, I am obliged to content myself with this general acknowledgment.

Most authors, we think, would accept such an acknowledgment as sufficient to cover any fair use of their work. But this is not all. Mr. Fox Bourne's name is mentioned eight times in the body of the work (not in foot-notes, but in the text); once it is to express a not unfriendly dissent on a point of which Mr. Fowler should be a particularly competent judge; every other time it is to approve some piece of Mr. Fox Bourne's work. Taken together, these references amount to saying, as plainly as words can say it, to every reader who has a tincture of literary habits:—"If you want to study Locke's life and writings more at large, Mr. Fox Bourne's book undoubtedly is the book you should go to." So far from tending to interfere with the reputation or sale of Mr. Fox Bourne's work, we should have thought this would be the best possible advertisement for it. And we should have expected a reasonable man in Mr. Fox Bourne's position to be content for the sake of this to have his work much more freely drawn upon than it appears to have been in this case. Unfortunately Mr. Fox Bourne has taken a different view of his rights and interests. He has written to the *Athenæum* charging Professor Fowler in unmeasured language with injustice, discourtesy, and plagiarism. Professor Fowler made a very temperate reply, stating in effect that he also had been at work on Locke's life and writings for many years, and that he had used Mr. Fox Bourne's book fairly and honestly in conjunction with other material. He also pointed out, in our opinion quite rightly, that Mr. Fox Bourne was really claiming a monopoly of the whole subject; for one of Mr. Fox Bourne's chief grievances was that Professor Fowler had gone to work without consulting him. At this rate, as Professor Fowler says, "literature"—and, we may add, science—"would be reduced within a very narrow compass indeed." No teacher of history would be free to speak of the mediæval constitution of England without an *imprimatur* from Professor Stubbs, and every student of physics wishing to investigate electrical discharges in a high vacuum would have to exhibit a petition to Mr. Crookes. Mr. Fox Bourne, however, rejoined by repeating his charges in a more offensive tone, and, among other things, rashly challenging Professor Fowler to make good what he had gently hinted in his first letter, that Mr. Fox Bourne's scholarship was not of the most exact. Professor Fowler has made a final reply, in which his assertion on this point is more than sufficiently justified as regards Latin. As to Greek, there is not much occasion for it in dealing with Locke; but Mr. Fox Bourne persistently gives *δαιμονοφροσύνη* for *δαιμόφρονα*, the name of an Oxford collection of verses addressed to Cromwell, to which Locke contributed. He should have been thankful to Professor Fowler for correcting the mistake in silence. Meanwhile an unexpected diversion is created by Mr. Noel Sainsbury delivering in turn an attack on Mr. Fox Bourne, who, if Mr. Sainsbury's contention be right, has a beam in his own eye as concerning divers unpublished materials communicated to him by Mr. Sainsbury. For it was Mr. Sainsbury's intention at the time, as he alleges, to use these materials himself, and Mr. Fox Bourne knew it. He did not think it needful to complain when Mr. Fox Bourne's book was published; but now that Mr. Fox Bourne brings charges against other people of using his materials without his consent, Mr. Sainsbury thinks he may be fairly called upon to justify himself on his own principles. Mr. Fox Bourne denies the correctness of Mr. Sainsbury's statement of the facts. Here we have, as it stands, a very pretty triangular duel. It may go on two or three weeks more for anything we can tell, though Professor Fowler has wisely declared that, for his part, his last shot is fired. One thing is tolerably clear, that the person who comes out of the whole matter with most credit will not be Mr. Fox Bourne. There have been other unpleasant signs lately of a tendency among authors to display morbid jealousy about their claims, and fierce resentment of trifling or imaginary wrongs. We trust that English literature is not to be disgraced by a habit of wretched

disputes about originality and priority, such as have become too common in several departments of science. And now, as they say in the Sagas, Mr. Fox Bourne is out of the story.

Professor Fowler's agreeable and scholarlike sketch of Locke's life will help to bring home to Locke's countrymen the practical occupations and active citizenship that distinguished him from many speculative philosophers. A sound currency, a free press, and the system of private arbitration under judicial sanction which is so powerful an auxiliary to our civil courts of justice, all bear in their earliest history the stamp of Locke's wisdom and manly sense. Another point not less worthy of note is that the calendar might have been reformed in England, if Locke could have had his way, some years sooner than it actually was, and that by a gradual and easy remedy, instead of by the sudden jump from old to new style which raised the cry of "Give us back our eleven days." The account of Locke's philosophical work suffers from condensation, as we have already hinted. It is impossible to explain in a few sentences the conditions which made the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* a new departure in mental science. Professor Fowler's words of introduction hardly do justice, we think, to Locke's immediate predecessors. He speaks of them thus:—

The science which we now call Psychology, or the study of mind, had hitherto, amongst modern writers, been almost exclusively subordinated to the interests of other branches of speculation. Some exceptions must, indeed, be made in favour of Hobbes and Gassendi, Descartes and Spinoza; but all these authors treated the questions of psychology somewhat cursorily, while the two former seem usually to have had in view the illustration of some favourite position in physics or ethics; the two latter the ultimate establishment of some proposition relating to the nature or attributes of God.

To confine ourselves to the two latter, this sentence would certainly give anything but a just notion to a reader unacquainted with Descartes's treatise on the Passions, and the third and fourth parts of Spinoza's *Ethics*. In these we have psychological studies which cannot be fairly pronounced cursory, and which are treated, though of course not without a view to ulterior ethical purposes, yet with a great deal of pure scientific interest. Descartes, indeed, has a good title to be reckoned, saving perhaps a part for Hobbes, as the founder of mental physiology. That his explanations were commonly premature and sometimes crude cannot seriously affect his merit when we allow for the conditions under which he worked. So that when Mr. Fowler says that Locke's task was undertaken "not in the dogmatic spirit of his predecessors, but in the critical spirit which he may be said to have almost inaugurated," there is again a touch of injustice towards Descartes. But it is perfectly true that it was Locke who first brought to the front the specific problem of knowledge, who forced men to consider, before they speculated at large on the nature of the universe, what human knowledge means, and of what it is capable. Vigorously and solidly handled by Locke, dissected by Hume, renewed on a different plane and with more elaborate method by Kant, this problem has with but slight intermissions, and with no really successful attempt at a diversion, occupied philosophers for well nigh two centuries; and it may be said that it is the one branch of philosophy in which an undoubted scientific progress has been made good. When Locke touches on purely metaphysical questions, his opinions are less interesting, and indeed comparatively commonplace. His position as to the relations of mind and matter—namely, that a supreme intelligence is necessary to account for finite thought, but that, given the supreme intelligence of God, it is quite conceivable that he should make matter think, if such were his pleasure, without interposing a finite spiritual substance—is well and clearly stated by Professor Fowler. This is worth noting, not only because the position is curious in itself, but because it is easily misunderstood, and has in fact been misunderstood by at least one ingenious writer of our own time. As a suggestion of what may be called a qualified and limited materialism, it is quite consistent; but, if the point of it is missed, Locke seems to be speaking as a materialist in one place and as a spiritualist in another.

Locke's minor writings are also duly noticed. On theological ground we occasionally find him in startling coincidence with the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* of Spinoza, to which it is at least improbable that he ever gave much attention. Take the following passage quoted by Professor Fowler from *The Reasonableness of Christianity*:—

Natural religion, in its full extent, was nowhere that I know taken care of by the force of natural reason. It should seem, by the little that has hitherto been done in it, that it is too hard a task for unassisted reason to establish morality in all its parts, upon its true foundation, with a clear and convincing light. And it is at least a surer and shorter way to the apprehensions of the vulgar and mass of mankind, that one manifestly sent from God, and coming with visible authority from him, should, as a king and law-maker, tell them their duties and require their obedience, than leave it to the long and sometimes intricate deductions of reason to be made out to them. Such trains of reasoning the greater part of mankind have neither leisure to weigh, nor, for want of education and use, skill to judge of. . . . You may as soon hope to have all the day-labourers and tradesmen, the spinners and dairy-maids, perfect mathematicians, as to have them perfect in ethics this way. Hearing plain commands is the sure and only course to bring them to obedience and practice. The greater part cannot learn, and therefore they must believe.

This is extremely like the idea which runs all through the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus* as to the necessity of revelation; though Locke seems more in doubt than Spinoza whether unassisted reason be sufficient even for the philosopher. And in his conclusion "that the articles of saving faith are few and simple," he stands much nearer to Spinoza than to the great majority of

writers on the subject, both at that time and since. Professor Fowler gives a good summary of the "Thoughts on Education," a work wonderfully in advance of its age, of which, by the way, two reprints have lately appeared. Of the tractate on the Conduct of the Understanding he says, with the bitterness of one in University authority who sees many strange things done in the name of knowledge, that "except for the inveterate and growing custom of confining works employed in education to such as can be easily lectured on and easily examined in," one cannot understand why it is nowadays so little read. It is pointed out, as a matter of course, that the doctrine of an original contract set forth in Locke's treatise on Civil Government is now quite untenable. Perhaps it might have been well to add that the one fatal difficulty that the supposed state of nature is a mere fiction was not overlooked by Locke himself. "Tis often asked, as a mighty objection," he says, "where are, or ever were, there any men in such a state of nature?" The reply provided by him is ingenious, though it shows that the real might of the objection could not then be perceived. In matters of speculation it is not much, after all, that we find to add to the actual arguments of our forefathers. It is the grouping, the perspective, and the bearings of them that are changed by new facts and new points of view.

#### BIRDWOOD'S INDIAN ARTS.\*

THESE volumes, prepared by Dr. Birdwood for the Art Series of the South Kensington Museum, contain an account, not only of the old Indian collection, but also of the additions lately made from the Museum of the Indian Office. At the same time the work is not a catalogue, but is intended apparently for general reading as well as special study. The part devoted to industrial arts is about two-thirds of the whole, and is preceded by a summary of Hindoo mythology. Even a summary of such a subject is not necessarily brief, and if Dr. Birdwood had adopted the method usually pursued by Egyptian mythologists his courage must have failed him before the completion of his task. He has, however, adopted the chronological method, and is able therefore to distinguish between what is ancient and what is modern, what is of importance and what may be lightly passed over. It would indeed be well for Egyptian studies if Dr. Birdwood could be induced to turn aside for a moment and give a little of his knowledge and experience to the unravelling of the network of ignorance and guess which at present oppresses the mythological student. In his researches as to the religion of our remotest ancestors—for from the old Aryan stock in the valleys of the Himalayas must have proceeded the modern people both of Europe and India—he goes direct to the early records in the hymns of the Veda, and shows that these primitive folk, who may have lived twelve centuries before the Christian era, or during the Hyksos domination in Egypt, expressed the sentiments of admiration, gratitude, and fear awakened in them by the overwhelming powers of nature; and that "the words uttered three thousand years ago by the Vedic bards, or *rishis*, gradually became the gods of India, Greece, and Rome." There is, of course, nothing absolutely new in this, but there is something new in the simple and systematic manner in which the gradual corruption of this primitive mythology is shown to have resulted in "the most puerile superstitions and the grossest idolatry." This degradation he ascribes chiefly to the sacerdotal pretensions and unceasing efforts of the Brahmans, or priestly caste, a caste which did not exist at the first. In order to bring in the aboriginal inhabitants they permitted the engrafting of the "gods of the land" upon the old Vedic theogony; and finally, when the religious revolution of Gautama had made Buddhism almost universal, they contrived to corrupt it also, so that at the present day there is little to choose between the older and the newer form of idolatry. The Jainas, says Mr. Birdwood, made a compromise with the Brahmans; resistance to caste and to the sacerdotal claims of the Brahmans once removed, the compromise became a conquest. Provided the rules of caste and their own supremacy were acknowledged, the priests allowed the utmost latitude of religious belief and philosophical opinion. Buddhism, in its purer form, indeed in any form, has almost or quite disappeared from India. It spread into Ceylon about the end of the third century B.C. and into Tibet and China during the first century of the Christian era; and Dr. Birdwood goes on to say, it "was carried in the fifth century A.D. by Chinese missionaries into Mexico, where it flourished until the thirteenth century, when it was extirpated by the victorious Aztecs."

In a series of small plates Dr. Birdwood gives us the figures of the principal deities—figures so familiar in all our houses, yet so seldom recognized by their names. In the present work we are told all about each one, and the author gives us besides a brief description of the sacred writings or Vedas of which we have heard so much lately, and tells the story of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. He next notices at some length the code of Manu and its influence on the development—or, to speak more exactly perhaps, the arrest of development—of the Hindoo people. It is the legal foundation of the whole social, religious, economical, and political system of Hindoo life. It failed to provide for the external defence of the country, but it has rendered it proof against internal revolution. "India is, in fact, the only Aryan country

which has maintained the continuity of its marvellous social, religious, and economical life from the earliest antiquity to the present day."

The second part of Dr. Birdwood's work contains a full and systematic description of Hindoo art and the "master handicrafts of India." The village communities have been the strongholds of the traditional arts, for, as the husbandmen of whom these communities exclusively consist could not do without manufactures, a certain number of artisans came to reside in each village. There they reside as "strangers within the gate," even after the lapse of three thousand years. The artisans in the lapse of time sought employment in the larger towns and the "great polytechnical cities," and formed trade-unions, the bonds of which in India are rendered practically indissoluble by the force of caste. Dr. Birdwood is mistaken in attributing caste to the ancient Egyptians, but in this he only follows the misleading authorities to which we have already referred. Two things have acted unfavourably on the hereditary skill of the Hindoo craftsman in recent years. The authority of the trade guilds has been relaxed under the freedom of English rule, and the importation of our goods has forced many artisans into agriculture and even domestic service. Dr. Birdwood's remarks on this subject are extremely interesting, not only archaeologically as bearing on the history of our own trade guilds, but also economically. It was under the Indian guild system that the sumptuary arts were carried to a state of perfection, "until at length the whole bullion of the Western nations of antiquity and mediæval times was poured into the East in exchange for them."

The only notice of gold plate in the Rig Veda is a mention of gold cups; but the references to jewelry are so frequent that the precious metals and stones must have been familiar to the Aryan immigrants from their earliest settlement. Yet no specimen of the art of gold-working has been met with which can with any certainty be attributed to the ancient period of Indian history. The oldest example now extant was found by Mr. Masson about forty years ago in a Buddhist tope in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad. In the centre of the tope was a small apartment constructed of squares of slate. A steatite vase was found in it, containing, besides mould and the ashes of burnt pearls, a gold casket filled with similar remains. By its side were four copper coins, by which the monument is assigned to one of the dynasty of Greco-barbaric kings who ruled the North-West of India about half a century before the Christian era. The ornaments of this casket are extremely curious. The Greek feeling apparent in them is most interesting. A plate of silver of similar design was long in possession of a family, the Mirs of Badakshan, who claimed to be descendants of Alexander the Great. Dr. Birdwood sees in these relics distinct evidence of the influence of Alexander's invasion on the arts of India. The Greeks, he asserts, had conquered all this part of India, had established a monarchy, and issued a coinage. Their money is well known, and is thoroughly Greek in character. Moreover, in the travels of Apollonius of Tyana he is said to have come upon remnants of Greek civilization and language in the former kingdom of Porus. The Buddhist sculptures in the Punjab are due, says Dr. Birdwood, to Greek rather than Byzantine influence. It is true that their exact date is unknown. They may have been carved at any time in the thousand years between the middle of the third century B.C. and the middle of the eighth of our reckoning, and those which are later than A.D. 300 may have been influenced by Constantinople. But the date of this gold casket proves that its Greek look is due to direct Greek inspiration, and many specimens of carving in stone are now recognized as betraying a similar origin.

The Punjabese artists have retained a high reputation for skill as goldsmiths. Their best known manufacture is in parcel-gilt water-jars, graven through the gilding to the silver below. The illustrations Dr. Birdwood gives of objects in this kind of work are very pleasing. Still more pleasing are the copper-hammered work "lotas" from Tanjore, of which Dr. Birdwood gives several engravings. "In its bold forms" the brass work of the same place "recalls the descriptions of Homer of the work of the artists of Sidon." Some are simply etched, others deeply cut in mythological designs, and others diapered all over with a leaf pattern similar to that seen in Assyrian sculpture. Those encrusted with silver are the most beautiful, and the effect is wonderfully well rendered in some of the cuts. Enamelling, which Dr. Birdwood considers the "master craft of the world," is practised in great perfection at Jaipur (Jeypore) in Rajputana. It is "champlevé." A round plate presented to the Prince of Wales is the largest specimen ever produced, and took four years in the making. There is an engraving of a native writing-case in the shape of an Indian gondola, which is of admirable workmanship; the colours of the blue and green enamel being brighter even than the natural iridescence of the peacock's tail. The canopy which covers the ink-bottle is coloured with green, blue, ruby, and coral red enamels.

Of jewelry for personal adornment Dr. Birdwood gives a great number of fine examples. An amazing effect is sometimes produced by the simplest means, as, for instance, in necklaces made up of strings of pearls and gems, graduated so as to hang in the form of a rich collar. The effect to be produced is the chief aim of the Indian jeweller. He thinks only of the dazzling variety of rich and brilliant colours. "He must have quantity, and cares nothing for commercial quality, and the flawed 'tallow drop' emeralds, and foul spinel rubies, large as walnuts, and mere splinters and scales of diamonds, which he so lavishly uses, are

\* *Indian Arts*. By Dr. Birdwood, C.S.I. 2 vols. Published for the Committee of Council on Education. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.



often valueless except as points, and sparkles and splashes of effulgent coloring."

Dr. Birdwood peppers his pages plentifully with commas, and spells some words after a fashion unusual in England, as in the passage above quoted, but on the whole even what may be called the catalogue portion of the book is pleasant reading. The art of describing objects of art is not given to every one. We can overlook peculiarities of composition when the author is able to convey a clear impression in words, and this Dr. Birdwood does. He is well helped by the large number of excellent woodcuts with which his volumes are illustrated; but in the absence of colour his descriptions, florid as they may occasionally seem, are very necessary. In his preface, by the way, he makes a complaint which will find an echo in the minds of many students of Indian history and Indian art, to say nothing of Indian language. He has been much exercised, he says, with the spelling of geographical names. On this occasion, for the first time, he has submitted to use the official system. "I have given up," he cries in despair, "Sir Charles Napier's 'Scinde'; but I have not been able to give up Moore's 'Cashmere.' Whoever heard of the vale of 'Kashmir'?" There is much reason in the complaint. The spelling fixed upon for the Indian Civil Service is not English, but French; and, as Dr. Birdwood observes, *Dam-Dam* is not the real English pronunciation, but *Dum-Dum*; and *Shirpur* does not represent the sound of *Sherepore*. "I saw Kurnool the other day rhymed to skull, simply because the writer of the poem, himself an accomplished Orientalist, had been, in a heedless moment, misled by the official spelling of the word, *Karnul*."

#### GILL'S SAVAGE LIFE IN POLYNESIA.\*

MR. GILL'S present contribution to our stock of information respecting savage life in Polynesia is of no slight value. It is not, perhaps, so generally interesting as his previous work, the very remarkable *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*—a collection of antiquities, to use the words of Professor Max Müller, "showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of the human mind during a period which as yet is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian." The "Historical Sketches" deal with the rough realities more than with the picturesque fictions of savage life, and the work is somewhat monotonous in its records of sacrifices to fierce gods, its legends of internecine feuds, and its chronicles of cannibalism. But the testimony it bears has the great merit of being quite trustworthy; and Mr. Gill has done very good service by placing on record the heathenish traditions which must before long fade from the memories of the Christian descendants of the fierce islanders to whom they relate. He justly regrets that the early missionaries burnt the magnificent mahogany trees of Tahiti, the growth of centuries, on account of their supposed connexion with idolatry. It would have been a still greater loss if the legendary records of heathenism had been simultaneously rooted out of the minds of the converts to Christianity.

As might be expected, much may be learnt from these sketches about the former gods of Polynesia, although their ordinary themes are events due to the mutual relations of tribes or families. Thus the legend of "The Expelled God" tells how Tané was once worshipped in the peninsula forming the southern part of Tahiti, "but was ignominiously expelled, on account of his man-devouring propensities," which gained him the appellation of "the yellow-toothed god." His sorrowing priest "hid the unpopular god in an empty coconut-shell, securely plugged the tiny aperture, and threw it into the sea, adjuring Tané to seek a new home in some distant land." The shell drifted to Mangaia, where the priest found it. "On opening it he heard a chirp; it was his long-lost god Tané, who henceforth was known as Tané-Kio, or Tané the chirper." Tané is represented in Polynesian mythology as being the fifth son of the father of gods and of men, the fish-god Vāten, whose name means "noon" in all the dialects of eastern Polynesia, and he is supposed to be enshrined in the sun. The morning star is sometimes called the eye of Tané, and by one tribe the thunder is considered as his voice. Few of the legends are as distinctly mythological as that of "The Expelled God"; but, even in narratives of ordinary events, there sometimes occur references to now all but forgotten deities. We are told, for instance, that when the remnants of the defeated Teipe tribe sheltered themselves for months within a cave, although they found it very difficult to obtain food, they abstained from making use of the land-crabs and pigeons which abounded within their rocky haunt. "The reason for this was that they imagined themselves to be under the special protection of these rock-gods." On sacrifices to fiercer deities many of the stories turn. Mautara, the priest of the god Mōtoro, having been slighted by the chiefs of his tribe, revenged himself by declaring that Mōtoro desired that their first-born should be slain and eaten in his honour. So "on the day appointed these children, the flower of the ruling clan, were killed, cooked, and eaten by the assembled tribe." In after years Mautara confessed that the divine command was an invention of his own. On the eve of one of the great battles a priest of Tané determined to offer his blood as a sacrifice to Rongo, in

order to secure for his clansmen the favour of that god of war. The self-devoted victim took a sad farewell of his friends, and tranquilly entered the camp of his foes. They at once speared him, and so unwittingly ensured their own discomfiture. After a like fashion, the heroic Kauate "agreed to die on behalf of his tribe. Not, however, as an altar-offering to Rongo—that were impossible; but Kauate should seek a violent death at the hand of his foes."

Cannibalism forms a prominent feature in these records of Polynesian life. It was frequently practised as a religious duty, and on such occasions it was naturally respected; but it sometimes brought into discredit private persons who were addicted to it from merely sensual and selfish motives. Thus the cave-dweller Tangaka, who lived two centuries ago on human flesh secretly devoured, has left behind him an evil reputation, which is kept alive by the constantly recurring allusions in native preaching and praying to "Satan going about, like Tangaka, seeking whom he may devour." A warrior of the cannibal tribe of Ruanae "fell violently in love with a pretty girl called Tanuan, who repelled his advances and foolishly reviled him for his ugliness." Soon afterwards she died, and her dead body was let down by her relatives into the deep chasm which formed the burying-place of her tribe. The cannibal whom she had refused had meanwhile hidden himself and two of his friends within the gloomy abyss, and they secured the body when it was lowered. After the mourners had left, the cannibals emerged, bearing the corpse, which they carried to the seaside. But to their great disappointment, "it was found impossible to eat the decomposed body," and the rejected lover could revenge himself only by burning it. It seems that "the natives are absurdly sensitive to threats of burning anything belonging to themselves." One of the narratives tells how a woman who had been captured by cannibals was obliged herself to heat the oven in which she was about to be cooked. It will be remembered that in folk-tales it is often said that a clever hero or heroine, who has been captured by an ogre or ogress, is ordered to heat the oven for a similar purpose, pleads ignorance of the proper mode of procedure, is instructed how to act, and seizes the first opportunity of baking the instructor in his or her own oven. Mr. Gill's sketches of cannibalism will prove of special value to those commentators on popular tales who recognize in these time-honoured fictions reminiscences of savage life. Vague memories of days in which men ate their captives may reasonably be supposed to account for the attribution of man-eating propensities to Ghouls, Rakshasas, Giants, Baba Yagas, and all the rest of their monstrous brood. No very great light is thrown on other obscure features of popular fiction by the customs described or the stories narrated in the present work. But here and there a personage figures or an incident occurs which is worthy of notice on account of its likeness to some being or event with which we have long been familiar in European popular romance. Thus Polyphemus finds a parallel in Ngako, the employer of Vaia, and his sister Mangaia, young people who long cooked for him the human victims which he caught by day and ate by night. At length his hunting began to prove unsuccessful, and the time was evidently drawing near when he would devour his cooks. While Ngako slept soundly one night, "Vaia felt sorely tempted to take up the cannibal's spear and drive it through one of his eyes into the brain." But, instead of doing so, he and his sister took to flight and escaped. A Polynesian variant of the "Sleeping Beauty" myth is afforded by the legend of "Tavare, the profound sleeper, so named because she was in the habit of sleeping from the month of Pipiri (July) until the bread-fruit was ripe and crabs were plentiful (February). During all these months her limbs were rigid; but at length the fervid rays of the sun relaxed her muscles and put an end to her sleep." And to the list of stories about bird-husbands may be added that which describes the birth of the first inhabitant of Atiu. A pig-on flew to that island from spirit land, and rested for awhile beside a spring in a grotto. Presently "it noticed a female shadow of great beauty in the fountain." Now the pigeon "was in reality one of the gods, and therefore readily embraced the lovely shadow, and then returned to its home in netherland. The child thus originated was named 'Atiu'—'first fruit' or 'eldest born'—and from him the island derives its name." Polynesian deities are often represented as appearing under the forms of animals. Thus, Mōtoro "is supposed to be enshrined in the blackbird," and Tané of the Barringtonia tree in sprats; Tiaio is "supposed to be incarnate in the eel and shark," and Teipe in the centipede.

Many of the traits of savage life contained in Mr. Gill's sketches are worthy of mention. It seems that it was an invariable custom in olden times to enjoy a feast before going to battle, as the revellers might not survive to eat again. On the eve of a fight the chieftain Arekare went with his ten wives to catch fish for the usual banquet. To one of these wives, Eiau, the beauty of her day, he was tenderly attached. So on the way back he pushed her over a precipice. She was much disfigured, though not killed, by her fall, which her husband attributed to "an accident." But "Eiau easily divined the truth; it was the clear presentiment in his mind that he would be slain to-morrow, and then the lovely Eiau would belong to one of his mortal foes. Arekare's grief was that she was not killed outright." A quaint grimness relieves the monotony of one of the stories of bloodshed. One set of warriors surprised another by night. Stealing up to the unsuspecting sleepers, the invaders proceeded to select their victims. "Each head was gently lifted up. If heavy,

\* *Historical Sketches of Savage Life in Polynesia; with Illustrative Clan Songs.* By the Rev. W. W. Gill, B.A., Author of "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific." Wellington: George Didsbury. 1880.

being clearly the head of a warrior, it was immediately clubbed; but, if the head proved to be light, the owner was permitted to sleep on until daylight, as it was evidently the head of a coward." The Christian inhabitants of Mangaia now eat their supper by lamp-light. But it was formerly the custom to sup before the setting of the sun, in order to avoid a surprise. The proverbial saying "Hasten our meal, or the Aitu will be upon us, bringing terror, chilliness, and death," keeps alive the memory of a great massacre perpetrated by the Aitu tribe, when entire families were destroyed while assembled at their evening meal. Nowadays feasts are enjoyed in all security. Mr. Gill gives a very interesting account of a sumptuous banquet celebrated in honour of three fish-nets which had been made at Tamarua. "The entire pecuniary value of the food disposed of would be about eight or ten times the worth of the nets. But then it is ever considered a mean and disgraceful thing for a chief to make and use such nets without inviting all the magnates of the island to a feast." The islanders are much addicted to singing, and Mr. Gill gives numerous specimens of their songs. Many of them are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting among them are the two cantatas which commemorate Captain Cook's visit to Mangaia, one of the singers declaring that

Tangaroa has sent a ship  
Which has burst through the solid blue vault,

and the chorus exclaiming,

A boat full of guests is here.  
What gibberish they talk.

#### THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY.\*

THE materials of Mrs. Lynn Linton's latest story are in their essence familiar enough to novel-readers. A mother who makes a hard struggle to keep up appearances; her daughters, only one of whom—the Rebel—is a disappointment to her pride in her careful education; two or three men with whom the daughters flirt with varying results, and a hero to marry the heroine, are the chief characters in a story which has, it need hardly be said, a great deal of cleverness and has also a great deal of oddity. It may be said that some of its oddities give the book an additional interest, in that the reader's attention is roused, apart from the intrinsic merit of the story, by an ardent desire to find out whether what seems at moments the author's advocacy of strange views is serious or not, whether she means to sympathize with or to laugh at her heroine's convictions and inconvenient theories, and whether or not she thinks Perdita's example a desirable one, on the whole, to follow. On none of these points is the reader likely to get much satisfaction; for at one moment he will think that Mrs. Linton is disposed to applaud, at another to condemn, the unattractive, if conscientious, ways of the Rebel of the Family; and he may even cherish a secret doubt whether there is not a considerable touch of sarcasm in the author's eloquent approval of her heroine's marriage with a chemist and druggist, whom she exalts into a hero because he has pulled her back from the brink of the pond in Kensington. Such a marriage may no doubt be a fitting one for a well-brought-up and well-educated young woman who prefers the intimate friendship of questionable people to association with her own mother and sisters, whom she is for ever offending by her gross want of tact and even of manners. But in the matter of manners Perdita is not the only eccentric character in the book. On one point, that of the woman's rights agitation, Mrs. Linton's opinions seem to be clear enough. Her portrait of Mrs. Blount, or Bell Blount, as she preferred to be called, is as forcible as it is unsparring. In executing it with complete fidelity, the author has once or twice had to deal with somewhat risky matters, and has dealt with them with marked skill. The scenes in which Bell Blount figures cannot possibly be pleasant, in the sense in which a pretty landscape is pleasant, and some of their features are markedly unpleasant; but Mrs. Linton knows where to insist and where to touch lightly, and the whole result is what no doubt she aimed at—to exhibit in a strong light some of the absurdities, and worse than absurdities, connected with a movement which she seems to dislike. The character is, as we have said, drawn with remarkable strength, and in many of its touches there is a strong, if grim, sense of humour. A good description of Mrs. Blount's home occurs when Perdita, the Rebel, goes to pay her a second visit:—

Never had the unlikeness between her own home and this struck her more forcibly than it did to-day. At West Hill Gardens every thing was laid out for show and kept in perfect order. Litter of any kind was a crime in Mrs. Winstanley's eyes, and work did not excuse snippets. Here in Prince Christian's Road, beauty, arrangement, order, were conspicuous by their absence, and the room had a queer hybrid look, as if tenanted by men who owned some of the furniture of women and not all of their own. The table was littered with pamphlets and reviews, old envelopes and letters, bills, journals and general waste; on the chimney-piece, among some common vases filled with half-decayed and neglected flowers, stood a box of Spanish cigarettes; one slipper, much worn and down at heel, had been flung into one corner of the room—its fellow was under the table and a pair of boots stood against the wall. The white shavings in the fireplace were strewn all over with half-burnt vestas and torn scraps of paper; and the bar of the tender was scratched and bent by the incessant wearing of feet. Bottles of beer, soda-water and brandy were on an ill-kept kind of chiffonier; a plate of water biscuits stood near; the carpet was covered

with crumbs. The whole place was bare, mean, unlovely, disordered; and yet neither Mrs. Blount nor her friend looked poor. They were hideously dressed in expensive clothes, and they wore a good deal of jewellery; and though Miss Tracy was a thin, half-vitalized, vaporous little creature—one of those lean kind not to be fattened up by any amount or quality of food—Mrs. Blount's whole person bore evidence of good living—of flesh made firm by meat and blood rich by stimulants.

Another very well-drawn character is that of Mr. Brocklebank the ironmaster, who is the one hope of the Winstanley family, and who, though refused by one daughter, ends by marrying another. His father, who, from being a puddler, had risen to make a fortune, "had never been able to overcome his difficulties with the English language, nor to master the relative uses of his knife and fork." Brocklebank *fits*, however, had early enough got over these difficulties; "and, though his bearing wanted that last subtle polish of inherited good breeding, he was not actively offensive, and, as he used to say of himself, might pass in a crowd without disgrace." He scorned to say "begin," as he scorned to wear fustian; "but clung to 'commence,' as the sign of a scholar who knew his syntax and what was due to polite society and himself." His manner, "masterful, yet kind, was destitute of grace, even when wishing to be most courteous; never shaking off its clumsiness, and always traversed by a thin line of unconscious brutality." The characteristics here set forth, at greater length and with more minuteness than our quotations indicate, are preserved with striking consistency throughout the book; and the ironmaster, odd, affected, and unusual as his ways and manners are, never seems for a moment unnatural. His relations with the Winstanley family, his well-meant but dictatorial patronage, his instant recognition in Perdita of the fine qualities which her mother and sisters have overlooked, his indecision as to which of the girls he shall propose to marry, and his conduct when Perdita takes him completely aback by refusing him—all these things are managed and told with remarkable skill and truth. Bois-Duval is another personage who does credit to Mrs. Linton's talent. He seems to us, oddly enough, to be far better done than are the two young Englishmen with whom he and his friend come in violent contact. We have said above that Perdita is not alone in *The Rebel of the Family* in the singularity of her manners, and that this is so will be plain enough if reference is made to the scene between the Frenchmen and the Englishmen on the sands at Trouville, and to that between Mrs. Winstanley and Lady Kearney in Lady Kearney's own drawing-room. The days are surely past when a quarrel about Waterloo between a French and an English gentleman was a probable event; and at any rate a young man of Sir James Kearney's habits and education is not likely to begin such a quarrel in the presence of ladies. Yet more surprising, perhaps, is the little scene which ends the chapter in which this occurs. The conversation turns on the want of sunshine in England, and Sir James, turning to Eva Winstanley, who is the cause of the anger with which the Frenchmen and Englishmen view each other, says:—"If you say this is brighter, it is so, Miss Eva. But some faces in England make one forget the comparative want of sunshine."

At which Eva laughed and said: "How nice! what a pretty speech!" while M. le Vicomte de Bois-Duval turned a shade paler than usual, as he raised his eyes with an odd impertinent look to Sir James, and said in an affected voice:

"Well said. Ma foi! Monsieur is almost gallant enough to be a Frenchman!"

"Do you mean that for a compliment, M. le Vicomte?" asked Sir James.

"Surely! the highest I could pay," answered the Frenchman.

"And I regard it as a piece of decided impudence," said Sir James angrily.

"My dear friend!" remonstrated Mrs. Winstanley.

"Do not insult us by having a quarrel in our presence," said Thomasina in a low voice.

Little Eva sighed like a troubled child.

"Oh dear, how cross you all are!" she said with a pretty pout. "You are spoiling all our fun by your ill-temper."

"Allons! Miss Eva is right! It is bad form!" said the Vicomte gaily.

"Vive la gaieté! vive la bonne humeur! à bas le spleen! and let the best man win!"

"Win what?" asked Eva innocently.

"Paradise!" answered Bois-Duval.

Lady Kearney's conduct to her guest is even more amazing than this. Mrs. Winstanley, whom Lady Kearney thoroughly dislikes, has been praising Sir James as "so kind to my girls—so nice that I should not know what to do without him—so amiable and friendly"; to which Lady Kearney replies, with a drawl, that when her son "has to work for his daily bread, as your daughter Perdita was so anxious to do, I shall feel justified in asking you for a character as lacking. You describe the functions admirably." Mrs. Winstanley, preserving her temper admirably, goes on, when Lady Kearney complains, with obvious intention, of the acquaintances which her son chooses to make, to offer her assistance in keeping him in order:—"The young of the present day are really too independent; but I will help you with your son, rely on it." "I do not suppose, Mrs. Winstanley, that you mean to insult me," cries Lady Kearney, and presently afterwards says, "When did I permit you to take this tone of intimacy?" Mrs. Winstanley, all smiles, makes a soft answer, and ends with "Your house is so delightful, dear Lady Kearney; but we must go." "Never to be admitted again," said Lady Kearney, even before they had gone. This, it will be admitted, is odd enough, and it is pleasant to return from it to the treatment of Bois-Duval's character. The scene between Thomasina and him strikes us as being on both sides one of the very best things in the novel. It is Mrs. Linton's merit

\* *The Rebel of the Family*. By E. Lynn Linton, Author of "Patricia Kemball," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.



that, except in the case of the heroic chemist and druggist, she does not take a one-sided view of any of her characters. There is good even in Bois-Duval, scoundrel as he is, and there is much good in the worldly-minded and mercenary Thomasina, who has the cleverness and the courage to put herself into Bois-Duval's power in order to save her sister, the flirt who affects the *ingénue*, and whose flirting has for once gone too far. Closely veiled Thomasina goes off to pay a visit to Bois-Duval at his hotel, and to extract from him a promise to discontinue at once his making love to Eva:—

It was a tremendous thing to do, but Thomasina had calculated closely. It was just the kind of thing that would touch the imaginative chivalry of a Frenchman; and Bois-Duval, though unscrupulous and dishonourable, had his high lights like the rest of us. And, more than this, it flattered his vanity that this frosty Venus, this impenetrable and excellent Thomasina, should thus put herself in his power, should abase herself so far before him, should trust so grandly to his generosity, to his honour as a Frenchman, to his dignity of man.

The scene is throughout capably given. We have said as yet comparatively little of Perdita herself. Her character is drawn with great care and truth, but, we confess, interests us less than it was perhaps meant to do. We trust that she was as happy as may be with her chemist and druggist, but we do not think it unlikely that he got considerably bored with her.

#### JEANS'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF CICERO.

MR. JEANS seems to have been much exercised by the difficulty of choosing a suitable title for his work. On the title-page is set forth the lengthy description quoted below. A fly-leaf is more modestly inscribed, "Cicero's Letters," while golden characters on the binding boldly announce the volume to be the "Life and Letters of Cicero." The fact is that the book is nothing more or less than a good and useful translation of the selection of Cicero's letters generally accepted for the purposes of competitive examination. Mr. Watson's *Select Letters* are well known, and any one who might undertake to publish an English version of them was sure of the gratitude both of weak-kneed students who require such assistance in reading any classical work, and of those who, without possessing a knowledge of Latin, wish to have access to the original authorities on a period surpassing in interest almost any other in the whole range of ancient and modern history. But this selection does not constitute even such a Life of Cicero as might be compiled from his letters. It was made with the view of throwing light not so much upon the life and character of Cicero as upon the general history of his time; and Mr. Jeans has no more claim, on the strength of a few historical notes, to the honours of a biographer than a mender of spectacle-cases has to the title of optician.

As a translator, however, he deserves high praise. His undertaking was not an easy one. He attempted, as he tells us in the preface, "the somewhat difficult task of steering a middle course between a critical translation of Cicero's Letters for the scholar, and a Life of Cicero, told mainly by himself, for the English reader." Perhaps many scholars will be of opinion that he has approached more nearly to the latter than to the former extreme. Indeed a scholarly translation of Cicero's letters and speeches is hardly possible in the same sense in which it is possible of Homer or Virgil, of Thucydides or Tacitus, or of the philosophical treatises of Cicero himself. In such writings as these the charm of style consists in a literary excellence which appeals almost as much to any one age and nation as to any other, and the work of the translator is to reproduce in his own language every shade of meaning and every turn of expression, rendering as closely as possible each phrase, and even each word, of the original. How thoroughly this may be done without sacrificing elegance of English has been shown by recent translations of Greek poetry. But in rhetorical and epistolary composition much of the point depends upon allusions to current events of no permanent interest, and to contemporary institutions and customs which have long since passed away, and, in the case of letters, upon the use of colloquialisms bordering on slang. Hence a close and strictly "scholarly" translation would be always dull, and often unintelligible, and the translator must have frequent recourse to paraphrase if he wishes to convey to modern readers any real idea of his author's style and meaning. This Mr. Jeans does not hesitate to do wherever it seems necessary, and he has not perhaps altogether avoided the mistake, natural in such circumstances, of undue expansion for the sake of clearness. To give one instance, "my absolute confidence in your abilities" is a rather lengthy rendering of "te uno fretus." But he always writes good English, and he always gives us his meaning free from any obscurity. In rendering the Greek words and phrases scattered so plentifully through the letters, Mr. Jeans has carried out, wisely or not, Professor Tyrrell's suggestion that they should be generally translated by French equivalents. His efforts in this direction have been very successful; and it is seldom that he has failed to find French expressions corresponding with Cicero's Greek. In the seventh letter, however, he seems to us to be quite wrong in translating *μακ' ἀποτοκμακός* by "en grand seigneur." Cicero is here speaking of an harangue of Pompeius in support of

the Senate, and the meaning of course is that Pompeius spoke as a firm adherent of the senatorial party, whereas the words "en grand seigneur" have a social rather than a political significance. But this is almost a solitary instance of a perversion of meaning caused by the use of French phrases.

More questionable than this whimsical device is the step which Mr. Jeans has taken in replacing Cicero's Greek quotations by corresponding passages from Latin authors, on the ground that Homer was to Cicero what Virgil and Horace are to a classically educated M.P. of the present day. His needlessly self-imposed task has here been rendered comparatively easy by the countless imitations of Homer to be found in the *Æneid*; but in rendering quotations from sources other than the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* he shows considerable ingenuity. In Letter 47, Cicero, speaking of Cæsar's doings, quotes from Euripides the line:—

τὴν θεῶν μεγίστην ὥστ' ἔχειν τυραννίδα.

Mr. Jeans translates, "For the sake of empire,

"Quo nihil majus meliusve teris  
Fata donavere bonique divi."

An amusing feature in this rendering is the fact that Horace's lines are written in somewhat fulsome praise of the nephew and successor of the very man whom Cicero is attacking. Again, in Letter 37, "Deus ex machinâ" represents admirably the general idea of "καυκὸς μάρτυς." We may remark here that neither Mr. Jeans nor Mr. Watson in their notes gives the real meaning of *καυκὸς μάρτυς*, which is not "a comic witness," but "the witness in a comedy." The expression may be compared with "comicos stultos senes," which occurs in the treatise *De Senectute* in the sense of "the foolish old men of comedy." In the rendering of Latin words into English Mr. Jeans is often happy. "Crotchety" is an exact equivalent of "perversus" in Cicero's account of the Consul Piso, and "stump orations" well translates "Conciones"; while "the tribe that 'breed of barren metal'" aptly suggests the only derivation which can be given of the curious word "tocullionibus." Perhaps the translation of the words in Letter 38, "in quo regendo habeo negotii satis," by "I have enough to do to keep him straight," may be objected to as bordering too closely on slang; but it exactly expresses the meaning. In the Seventh Letter Mr. Jeans's anxiety to find French equivalents for Greek words has led him to overlook the English expression "blow one's own trumpet," which would translate "ὡς ἐντεροπερυσάμενος" even better perhaps than "Comme je me suis pavané"; and in the next sentence he has missed an excellent chance of introducing Mr. Puff's promise of "trope, metaphor, and figure as plentiful as nouns substantive," in translating the Greek list of the rhetorical figures which Cicero poured forth for the edification of Pompeius. On the whole, however, Mr. Jeans is to be congratulated on the thorough way in which he has accomplished his task. He has, of course, had the great advantage of following in the track of Mr. Watson, and he has scarcely overstated his obligations to that scholar when he says that he is indebted to him in almost every line of his work. But, after making allowance for this advantage, and for the assistance which he has received (and so very freely acknowledged in the preface) from his colleagues, his pupils, and, above all, from his college tutor, there remains a large amount of laborious and scholarly work for which in these days of short cuts to knowledge we can scarcely be too thankful.

Mr. Jeans does not in his historical notes throw any new light upon the period over which the letters extend, or upon the character and opinions of Cicero himself. His most valuable contribution to a right understanding of the latter question consists in the distinction which he justly draws between the two classes of letters represented respectively by most of those to Atticus and most of those to less intimate friends. Many of these latter are, as Mr. Jeans points out, in no real sense private documents. They were intended, no doubt, to have a wide circulation at the time and to be published afterwards; which, to quote Mr. Jeans, "does not make the letters one whit less valuable, but entirely alters the light in which they are to be regarded." But, apart from the motives with which various letters were written, Cicero's opinions of his contemporaries are in most cases utterly worthless. He was incapable of seeing the merits of any one who failed to show the highest respect to himself; he could find a good word even for Cæsar, after receiving a little personal attention from him; and his verdict generally depends upon the considerations which guided him in his estimate of Messalla, the consul for the year 61:—"Messalla consul est egregius, fortis, constans, diligens, nostri laudator, amator, imitator." It is probably Cicero's miserable vanity and littleness of mind which has made it seem to such authorities as Mommsen impossible that he could have been a real political power in such disturbed times. But, whatever may have been the causes of his influence, the efforts to gain him over which Cæsar made, both personally and through Antonius, Balbus, and Cælius Rufus, prove that he possessed it. No doubt there were in Italy a vast number of respectable persons whose inclinations were slightly on the side of the constitutional party, but who wished, above all things, to enjoy peaceably their own possessions. Any scruples of conscience which they might entertain about transferring their allegiance to Cæsar would be at once got over if he could gain the countenance of so respected an adherent of the Optimates as Marcus Tullius Cicero. In a remarkable passage, which we may quote both as an example of Mr. Jeans's style of translation and as a striking proof of the state of public morality at the

\* *The Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* Being a New Translation of the Letters included in Mr. Watson's Selection, with Historical and Critical Notes. By the Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

time, Coelius Rufus gives, with cynical frankness, his opinion on the subject of political consistency:—

You are not, I feel sure, blind to the fact that where parties are divided within a country we are bound, so long as the struggle is carried on with none but constitutional weapons, to support the more honourable cause, but when we come to blows and to open war, then the safer one; and to count that cause the better which is the less likely to be dangerous.

Of course many persons who privately entertained such opinions as these would hesitate to declare them in so robust a fashion, and to people of this class a precedent established by a man of Cicero's reputation would be of the highest value. It is easy to make too much of Cicero's inconsistency. We have, as Lord Macaulay pointed out, no right to blame a man excessively for not being in advance of the morality of the age in which he lives; and when we apply to Cicero's conduct a standard higher than that by which we try his contemporaries, we tacitly admit our consciousness of his superiority.

We ought not to close our notice of Mr. Jeans's book without drawing attention to the excellent index, which, so far as we have been able to test it, is complete and accurate.

#### MYSTERY PLAYS.\*

THE extraordinary riches of early French literature, and the wide distribution of its treasures over all the libraries of Europe, have made it up to the present time a matter of no small difficulty for even accomplished scholars to draw up complete accounts of the exact contents of any one of its subdivisions. For at least half a century the work of exploration has been incessant, and yet fresh discoveries continually turn up. As we write, for instance, there lies before us a just issued reprint of a volume recently discovered in the Copenhagen Library, and containing, besides five farces already known from the famous British Museum collection and other sources, four which are entirely novel. Yet there are few divisions of early French literature which have attracted more attention than the drama. These incessant accretions of material make the task of the literary historian difficult. Nevertheless, one by one, the divisions of this task are being attempted. The *Chansons de Geste* have already received all but exhaustive treatment at the hands of M. Léon Gautier. The theatre, sacred and profane, occupies the work of which the first division has now appeared. The author, M. Petit de Julleville, has already won his spurs in another part of the same field by a very satisfactory popular edition of the *Chanson de Roland*.

A study of the Mystery plays (it should be said that M. Petit de Julleville, like almost all good authorities nowadays, inclines to the belief that *mystère* is rightly spelt *mistère* in the old texts, and that its origin must be sought in *ministerium*, and not in *μυστήριον*), is not only important with reference to the general history of the stage, but in many other ways. No branch of mediæval literature gives us a greater insight into the character and peculiarities of the people who produced it; none illustrates more fully the immense gap which lies, hardly traversable save by laborious study aided by sympathetic imagination, between these days and those. Nor, it may be added, does any more require the assistance of a competent historian, in the case of all but very devoted students. For the most fertile period of Mystery writing was not, unfortunately, the palmy time of mediæval literature. Although we luckily have many interesting relics of earlier times, the bulk of the French Mystery plays which we now possess dates from the fifteenth century, and the god of the fifteenth-century literary idolatry in France was length. The only appropriate adjective for most of the performances of that time is "enormous." They take days to read, they took weeks to act; heaven only knows how long they took to write. The most famous of all, the *Passion of Arnoul Gréban*, has thirty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-four lines, and fills four hundred and fifty royal octavo pages, double-columned and printed in small type, in the excellent edition of MM. Gaston, Paris, and Raynaud. The vast *Mistère du viel Testament*, which M. de Rothschild is now republishing, has some fifty thousand verses. Another *Passion* has sixty-five thousand; the *Acts of the Apostles* by the two Grébans, sixty-two thousand; the *Roi Avenir*, thirteen thousand; *Sainte-Barbe*, twenty thousand; *Saint-Christopher* (sixteenth century), twenty thousand; *Saint-Quentin*, twenty-four thousand; *Saint-Vincent*, thirteen thousand; the "profane" *Mystery of Troy*, thirty thousand; that of the *Siege of Orleans*, twenty thousand. When it is remembered that these are only the tritons scattered here and there among shoals of minnows of lengths varying from one to seven or eight thousand lines; that the conscientious reader who desires to study the whole subject at first hand must add, among many other things, a collection of fourteenth-century *Miracles de la Vierge*, which, though not long individually, give some eighty thousand verses in all; and that the great majority of the texts are only accessible in manuscript or black letter, the need there is of a judicious go-between becomes pretty evident. More especially is this the case because the Mysteries, at least those of the later period, are not cheerful reading on the whole. They are of course very different from the entirely imaginary mixtures of buffoonery and dulness which Boileau conjured up, and which the eighteenth century, with some exceptions (in-

cluding, to his honour be it said, Voltaire), accepted. They do not deserve the harsh verdict of Sainte-Beuve, who was not disposed to carry his charity much beyond the sixteenth century, which he had himself re-discovered. But we can endorse M. Petit de Julleville's very honest and candid avowal that the study of the French mysteries, though they are by far the best of their kind, is, on the whole, "une entreprise ingrate au point de vue littéraire." It is very seldom that a *Chanson de Geste*, at least in its earlier forms, cannot be read with pleasure; the Arthurian cycle is, almost without exception, delightful; the rather unjustly decried *Romans d'Aventures*, despite their sameness, have the true charm indicated by the name of Romance. But the Mysteries, being intended strictly for representation, and requiring representation to unite and render comprehensible their action and story, are frequently very dreary to the mere reader, and the passages of actual poetical merit which they contain are relatively few. Nevertheless, the history of their development is one of the most interesting chapters of literary history, and the details of their representation form not one of the least interesting chapters in social history. Many able and laborious writers have made the different parts of these subjects their study, MM. Léon Gautier and Marius Sepet having put the final touch by at last thoroughly investigating the liturgic drama, while M. Paulin Paris, among the innumerable services which he has rendered to the literature of his country, may be allowed the credit of overthrowing the absurd and impossible theory of the Brothers Parfait about the mediæval stage arrangements, and substituting a better. M. Petit de Julleville has gathered all these things together and arranged them in orderly fashion, giving besides a complete methodic catalogue of all recorded representations and of all known Mysteries, with analyses, full bibliographical details, and all other apparatus, including occasional extracts.

The history of the Miracle play, as it is more commonly called in England, can be very shortly given, and is perhaps worth giving, as the various things said and written lately about the Ober-Ammergau performance show that a good deal of inaccuracy exists in the general ideas on the subject. There is no traceable connexion between the mediæval drama and that of the ancients, the former having, to all appearance, been the result of the natural dramatic propensities of the people, acting on the impulse given by the Church. The earliest form of the drama seems to have been a variation, and hardly a variation, on the Church service itself. Instead of extracts from the Scriptures or the Liturgy being simply read, they were, so to speak, acted by the clergy. This became in time the so-called liturgical drama, which was at first in Latin. Assuming proportions which were hardly consistent with the actual Church service, it began to exist independently, though still under the patronage, more or less direct, of the clergy, and for a time it may still have been acted within the sacred precincts. Every literary form in France early showed signs of the tendency to throw off the shackles of Latin, and to develop itself in the vernacular. At first French only put in a modest appearance here and there, as in the famous drama of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins*, where a few speeches and parts of others are in a dialect which is partly of the Langue d'Oc and partly of the Langue d'Oïl. This and some other similar things are certainly not later than the end of the eleventh century. Then in the twelfth we have a full-blown Mystery, that of *Adam*, entirely in Northern French, though with stage directions in Latin. The remains of the Mystery of this and the succeeding century are few but important, and sufficient to show the process of expansion. The play no longer clung closely to the words of Scripture. It was diversified by comic interludes, or at least scenes, which in their turn took root downward and blossomed into comedy, opera, and farce. The literary vigour of the thirteenth century and its inexhaustible romantic fancy seized on the legends of the saints and the Virgin and dramatized them. The fourteenth century has left us, besides two or three scattered pieces, a vast collection of miracles of the Virgin, containing forty different pieces, which include dramatic versions of many of the most famous mediæval stories—such as *Amis and Amiles*, *Robert the Devil*, *Barlaam and Josaphat*, *The King of Hungary's Daughter*, and *Bertha Broadfoot*. These plays are of moderate length, not averaging more than two thousand lines each; they are frequently very well written, and the story and characters fairly managed. The undertaking of their complete publication by the Old French Text Society (which has now reached the twenty-fourth play) gives an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, though several of the most interesting have been long in print in various publications, especially in the excellent *Ancien Théâtre Français* of MM. Monmerqué and Michel. After this period there came upon the Mysteries the curse of length, which destroyed mediæval literature. It was, as we have seen, in the fifteenth century that individual saints' legends were treated in ten and twenty thousand lines, and that the whole Bible history, from Genesis to the Acts, was thrown into three vast compositions, including some hundred and eighty thousand verses. Yet there is no doubt at all that spectators were found to sit out the acting of these huge works, and that they were immensely popular. No weariness on the part of their frequenters put an end to them; and, even after they were forbidden at Paris, they continued long to be popular in the provinces, forms of them having lingered on till within the last half-century, without counting the Basque *Pastorals*, which exist still.

The actors of the Mysteries were latterly, as has long been known, confraternities for the most part formed for the purpose.

\* *Les Mystères*. Par L. Petit de Julleville. 2 vols. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1880.



Earlier, they seem to have been miscellaneous volunteers, probably selected in the first place by the parish priest. That the dresses, properties, and general *mise en scene* of the theatre were also sufficiently elaborate has been generally recognized. But for a very long time a curious delusion as to the structure of the stage itself prevailed. It was thought, principally in consequence of the mention of heaven and hell as constant and specially separated parts of the stage, that this stage was arranged vertically in flats, presenting the appearance of a house with one side thrown open. This eccentric notion, if not entirely exploded, may be said to have given way further study, not merely of stage directions, but of the occasional illustrations which the manuscripts afford. It seems pretty certain that the Mystery stage was arranged on a plan not very different from that which still, we believe, prevails at Ober-Ammergau. The extent of it was very great; it is thought that it may not infrequently have been forty or fifty yards wide and twenty or thirty deep. On this large area were dotted about the various palaces, fields, &c., which the subject required; "Hell," with a gaping dragon's mouth-door, being a fixture, Heaven nearly as much so, and Purgatory and Limbo not unfrequent. Occasionally, but rarely, the device of labels informing the spectators what each of these structures meant was resorted to. On a stage of this kind performances might go on, and did go on, for weeks together. The *journalées* into which some of the existing Mysteries are divided are sometimes misleading. Thus the *Passion* of Gréban has but four; and it is needless to say that ten thousand verses, with stage business of all sorts, intervals for refreshment, and so forth, could not well be got through between sunrise and sunset. Besides, much shorter Mysteries are known to have taken many days in representation. The intervals for refreshment, just referred to, were not an unimportant feature in the performance. An actor used to come forward on the stage to suggest that his companions required rest, that they were going to get ready an even more fascinating entertainment than that which had been exhibited already, and that, if any one had a bottle of good wine and accompaniments, now was the time to discuss them. A passage on this subject, which M. Petit de Julleville gives from a fifteenth-century mystery of St. Louis, may be worth quoting:—

Seigneurs et dames, qui ara  
La bouteille gente et jolye,  
Be bon vin de beaulne remplye,  
Et viande consequament,  
S'y repaïsse légèrement.  
Car les compaignons reposer  
Se veillent I peu, et aïsier  
Pour boire. C'est la voie plus sure.  
Et dedans ugne demye beure  
On commença de plus belle  
Quelque autre matière nouvelle,  
Qui vous plaira plus en verté  
Que celle qui faite a esté.  
Buvez, mangez, dejeunez vous.  
Je vous pry pour les joueurs tous,  
Car pas ne ferons grant espace.  
Et ne bouge nul de sa place  
Car vous n'attendez qu'il tantet.  
—Menétrier, jonez ung motet.

So the audience were set down to their Beaune and their motet in a good comfortable manner. But, if they obeyed the direction not to stir from their places, they must have been much more docile than their modern representatives.

M. Petit de Julleville promises to attack both the comic mediæval theatre, with its rich store of farce and morality, and the theatre of the Renaissance—a subject which gives the amplest scope. The workmanlike manner in which he has performed his present task affords good hope of his accomplishment of these new ones.

#### MARJORY.\*

THERE is surely something very alarming in the title-page of the book before us, for there we read that *Marjory* is not a novel, but a study in three volumes. Now a study, in the sense in which the author seems to use the word, is, if we are not mistaken, a piece of work on a small scale, but wrought up with the greatest care, as a preparation for something far bigger and more important. In it the author or the artist tries his powers, and watches the effects that he produces. He at once gains in skill and in confidence; he not only sees what faults he must avoid, but he learns what he can do, and, encouraged by his knowledge, he spreads his wings for a longer and a higher flight. The study of a painter might cover but a few inches of paper; and at any rate it would never fill a large piece of canvas. In like manner, the study of a novelist should scarcely go beyond some fifty pages or so. If it filled a whole volume, we should at once feel that the name was ill applied. But here we have a study that fills not one volume but three, and three, moreover, each above the ordinary size. In fact, *Marjory* is a study in 1,025 pages. What size will the author's writings attain when she gets beyond her studies, and reaches her full proportions? To us, fresh as we are—fresh, do we say? jaded rather—from reading her dull and dreary story, the thought is most appalling. Does she intend, the next time she publishes, to come down upon

her unhappy critic in a finished composition of thrice three volumes? May a merciful Heaven, before that evil day comes upon us, sweep us away when out on an Alpine holiday in an avalanche of snow, and put an end to our miseries! If we are destined to be overwhelmed, let it be by the hand of nature, and not by that of a novelist. Would that our author had had such an adviser as it was the good fortune of her heroine, Marjory Stanhope, to find! She, too, was a novelist; though we do not find that she called even her first story a study. She sent it up to a publisher, and the MS. was returned to her. She tried another, but she met with no better success. Being a heroine, she had, of course, a lover. He, Hugh Vivian by name, was at this time down in the world; and, to support himself, had taken to reviewing. We hope, by the way, that no "studies" came across him. Unhappy young man, brought up as he had been in the lap of fortune, and accustomed for more than twenty years to a life of luxurious indolence, they would have been too much for him. He did not, however, either hang or drown himself; and therefore we may assume that, in his time, studies in three volumes and 1,025 pages were as yet unknown. But to return to the heroine's novel. The hero read it through, pointed out to her the alterations that it needed, and, by his criticisms, succeeded in so improving it that he soon found a purchaser for it. Now, though we are very far indeed from being Mr. Hugh Vivian, yet we see plainly enough how *Marjory* might be improved. Nothing could make it an interesting story; but we feel sure that, had the author submitted her MS. to us, we might have rendered it somewhat less objectionable. We should have begun by insisting that her three volumes should be cut down to two, and when she had done this, we should then have required that the two volumes should be cut down to one. If her good-nature had not failed her, we should have gone still further and made her keep on pruning and pruning, till, so far as size went, her story might fairly be called a study. If she then, instead of throwing it into the waste-paper basket, chose to find a publisher, at all events the dull misery that she would occasion would be brought down to very small limits. The task that we should have set her would have been easy enough, for the book is so written that it can be understood by reading a few lines or so on every other page. No alteration would have been needed in the plot. All that the author had to do might have been done by a pen held crosswise. Not a word would have to be put in to take up the place of the thousands that ought to be struck out. All that is needed is that the book should have the same treatment applied to it as is alternately applied to a balloon. The sand must be thrown out and the gas allowed to escape. By the end of the day the bulk is found to have been prodigiously reduced, while the worth of the materials remains the same.

First of all the author should throw overboard all her descriptions of nature and art. This, we fear, she would do at the cost of a great pang, for it is clear that on these parts of her writings, like most of her fellow-novelists, she greatly prides herself. When, we may well ask, will readers get sickened with these ridiculous and wearisome accounts of the changes in the weather? The descriptions we have in *Marjory* of the effects of light and shade at the different seasons would, we verily believe, go a good way towards filling half a volume. Silly as these descriptions are in themselves, they are rendered still sillier by the author's misuse of words. She writes of "the meridian of the burning afternoon." She makes what she calls the "golden corn" of late summer be seen at the very time when "the woods were heavy with foliage at its prime" (*sic*). She writes of "rains universalising mud and discomfort," and of grey clouds that were timid, because "the sky in which those grey clouds floated was of a still, dark blue, silent, grand." A thunderstorm, of course, is brought in. In the storm is seen a flash of lightning, which seems astonishing to the author apparently for no other reason than because it was like most other flashes. "'Did you see the form of that, Hugh?' said Lady Thorne. 'It was a complete zigzag.'" Like other writers who must needs be most minute in their accounts of the coming of spring and summer, the author blunders. Thus, she makes the syringa in flower in the second week of May. Had she said the second week in June she would even then have made it come out none too late. Her tediousness of minute description is not confined to the face of the earth and of the sky. It is to be found in every part of her story. Thus in the first chapter she introduces an elderly clergyman and his invalid wife, who, if we are not mistaken, never appear again on the scene. We are told that they had an early luncheon. This in itself was neither improbable nor important. Had nothing more been said about it we might have passed it by unnoticed. But the author thinks that it is the duty of a writer to bring the whole scene before the minds of her readers, as if they had beheld it with their own eyes. So she tells them that the table at which they lunched was square, and stood in the centre of the room. It was adorned, moreover, by a pink cotton cloth, on which was a tray. When the lunch was finished, there were to be seen on this tray "remnants of cold beef which had formed the clergyman's repast, and a bone, sole relic of a mutton chop cooked for the invalid." The reader who enjoys such an account as this might surely complain with some justice that too much is told or too little. Did the clergyman take mustard with his cold beef, he might, with a very natural curiosity, inquire? and had he any pickles? What was the invalid's drink? Was it porter or sherry that she was ordered by the family doctor? Not very many pages further on the heroine has a bath. A faithful old servant "opened a door in the wall"—a very remarkable door, by the way, seeing that it was neither in the floor nor the

\* *Marjory: a Study*. In 3 vols. By the Author of "James Gordon's Wife." London: Wyman & Sons. 1880.

ceiling—"and revealed a little bath-room, with taps of hot and cold water, and every convenience for their use." What are the conveniences for the use of taps? Here again we are told too much or too little. In a third passage in the same volume we find the heroine "nervously propitiating a teapot." Of this, indeed, we can make nothing, for she gets beyond our knowledge, and possibly beyond her own. In one or two passages where she wanders from her descriptions of beef, bones, baths, and teapots, she certainly makes great blunders. Thus she makes her hero ask the heroine whether she knows "the old song," and thereupon he quotes a well-known song of Mr. Kingsley's. In another passage, when quoting some words from one of the Gospels, she says:—"Taking time as a whole, it was not so very long ago! eighteen hundred years and odd—less than twice the years since our Norman Conquest." We should be curious to know what book of chronology it is that she follows. We remember to have heard a lecturer begin his discourse by saying, "Archbishop Usher places the foundation of the world 4,004 years before Christ. I myself am inclined to place it 4,002." But his daring innovation was nothing to our author's, who certainly places the Norman Conquest more than a hundred years earlier than the ordinary historian.

As *Marjory* is written by a woman, it is almost needless to say that there is in it some very curious law. The heroine's brother is a victim to it; and, instead of living to be a famous artist, he is killed off by the lawyers in early manhood. We were, we must confess, so glad to see ourselves fairly rid of one of the author's two heroes that in our joy at our escape from him we hardly noticed the dulness of the description of his dying. He had been left an orphan, and had been brought up by a strict grandmother. The old lady died, and bequeathed him, not a fortune, but a debt. The solicitors to whom the debt was due were not, under the circumstances, too exacting. "I have signed," the brother told his sister, "an agreement with Grove and Carter; they were very kind; there will be no undue pressure." We have seen the last, we trust, of the old attorney of the novel who was ready to skin a flint. Henceforth we shall only meet with men like Messrs. Grove and Carter, who, when a grandmother bequeaths her grandson nothing but the payment of a debt, nevertheless use no undue pressure to enforce it. However, in spite of their considerate kindness, the burden is too much for the poor fellow, and he sinks beneath it and dies. The hero is not much better treated. It was from a great-grandmother he suffered. He was, when the story opens, to all appearance, the heir to a fine fortune. We first come across him when he is on a fine horse, "a thorough-bred, groomed to perfection, his coat shining, his tail of strictly orthodox proportions—the bit, stirrup-irons, and all other appointments in character." We next see him in evening dress, and in this he is equally admirable. We then see him in a towering passion with a lazy groom, but though he so far forgets himself as to swear, yet we must allow that he swears like the heir to a fine ancestral estate. Later on we see him chief butterfly among a party of butterflies, and there we learn that "he well understood the art of fitting wings to an idle hour." The metaphor seems a little mixed, but the hero is as much as ever the object of our admiration. On a sudden his father dies and ruin bursts upon the unhappy son. His great-grandmother had been a great lady, and on her his great-grandfather had been forced to make a heavy settlement. The ungrateful old woman at her death left her settlement away from the family. Her husband and her son, moreover, were extravagant men, and the estates were all mortgaged. When Hugh came into possession he was almost as badly off as the heroine's brother. However, he was fortunate in this, that, though his father had died deep in debt, he had not been cruel enough to bequeath his debt to his son. The only one who had any money was the heroine, and her fortune amounted to but fifty pounds a year. Moreover, to the will by which she inherited this property her grandmother had added a codicil to the effect that, if she gave any of her money to her brother, the legacy was to be transferred to an asylum for the orphans of British seamen.

Things take a very bad turn indeed; the heroine's brother becomes a clerk in a bank, and so does the hero. The brother, as we have said, dies, and the hero takes to reviewing. For a time he is suspected of being a forger and an atheist, but the heroine remains faithful to him. In due course both his innocence and his orthodoxy are established beyond doubt. Nevertheless it is not easy to see how the young people, if they marry, are to live, for their earnings, when added to the heroine's fifty pounds a year, do not amount to much. However, an old gentleman suddenly dies in Russia, who, it turns out, had had "a long-cherished idea; that of making Hugh Vivian his heir." The hero in a moment finds himself in possession of a fine old estate and 50,000*l.* a year. In describing him in the midst of all his joy the author forgets to add that henceforth it was not to be his unhappy lot to have to review silly novels. How happy might another critic be, as well as Hugh Vivian, if there were a second rich old gentleman in Russia, with a long-cherished idea of making some one else his heir, and lying now at the point of death. To be free from the task of reading such a "study" as *Marjory*, and from the awful apprehension of what the "study" may be leading to, would double the worth of the fortune and the estate.

#### FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, PERU.\*

THE form of compilation and publication in small volumes presenting a series of special monographs by different writers treating their allotted topics with some approach to uniformity of method, has lately come into fashion. It was first applied to subjects of critical literary history and biography, ancient and foreign "classics," and "English men of letters." There seems no objection to applying it likewise to the exposition of physical and political geography, which naturally falls into distinct local divisions. These divisions are more capable, indeed, of a certain formal regularity in the order of statement than discussions of the lives, characters, and writings of famous poets and philosophers. It is much easier to set forth the statistical conditions of a country within a given number of neat little pages, arranged in so many chapters and sectional paragraphs, than to perform a similar feat with the productions of an individual genius. Guide-books, and all manner of handbooks and compact articles in encyclopedias, can easily be supplied by diligent research and correct mechanical editorship for every recognized territory and population on the earth's surface. Their utility, too, will often seem to be more obvious and unquestionable than that of compendious handbooks to an acquaintance with the heroes, saints, and sages of past times. The series of "Foreign Countries and British Colonies" has begun very fairly under Mr. F. S. Pulling's direction. Its collective title may indeed be lacking in precision. We see that the list of volumes thus far announced as in hand does not include the British Indian dominion, which is, for instance, neither a colony nor a foreign State. But the plan is one that should not be difficult to execute, since there are many existing models in the separate divisions of works embracing the whole of terrestrial geography.

The subject of Mr. David Kay's little volume should command the attention of thoughtful and inquiring persons who really try to understand the politics of Europe. The slightest consideration will show that the condition of Austria-Hungary, its constitution, resources, and tendencies, must be of great importance to the general welfare of Europe. It may, indeed, be a matter of opinion whether so much could have been justly said a quarter of a century ago on behalf of the Austrian Empire as it then was—embarrassed by false and untenable relations to Italy, to Hungary, and to the Germanic Confederation. But even at that time it was generally admitted that an essential security for the peace of the Continent lay in the stability of the Hapsburg rule over provinces containing the dislocated and confused fragments of races prone to mutual hostility, which might otherwise be seduced by a dangerous foreign patronage. This maxim has lost none of its force since the Crimean War; and its truth is now more freely recognized, owing to the vastly improved constitution of the Austrian monarchy, its reconciliation with Magyar nationality, its release as well from burdensome German responsibilities as from a perilous and discreditable Italian position, and its display of a liberal and equitable spirit in its internal government. A manual of the affairs of the dual State reigned over by the Emperor-King Francis Joseph I. should, therefore, be profitable and agreeable reading for the sake of its subject-matter, if it were so written as to be readable. Mr. David Kay, for his part, though he expressly points out the striking contrast between the old and the new condition of Austria-Hungary, indulges in no kind of sentimental enthusiasm on the subject. In a brief historical sketch he notices the chief events that have led to the present political reorganization, first, of Austria and the Western or Cis-Leithan provinces, in 1861; and, secondly, in 1867, of the Hungarian kingdom, with its dependencies. The legislative and administrative reforms of this period are simply enumerated, and it would perhaps have taken too much space to describe them clearly. But we should have preferred a fuller treatment of this part of the subject, for which the needful space might have been conveniently saved by omitting superfluous details in the other chapters. The author seems to have an inordinate predilection for arithmetical statistics, which too often consist of mere crude masses of figures. In dealing with the census, which occupies seven pages of Chapter IV., it was surely not worth while to set forth, as the actuary of a life assurance office might do, the exact number of males and females in existence at each successive period of life. It is, however, interesting and important to know the relative proportions of the people of different races, and their local distribution in the Empire. Mr. Kay has of course not failed to give us all the desirable information of this sort; but he has likewise provided rather too much of that which is unserviceable and unattractive. His work is one that may be used in the way of reference, but that cannot be read with pleasure or intellectual profit.

Mr. Clements Markham's treatise on "Peru" we can praise with less reservation. It is a very inviting little book, and a really pleasant one to read; for it is not crammed with a congestion of non-essential facts, but exhibits, in due relief and prominence, those which are characteristic of the main features of his subject. A better performance in this line we have seldom met with. The author has, to be sure, had a less complex and involved topic to deal with than that committed to the hands of Mr. David Kay. Peru is a single country, though one of im-

\* *Foreign Countries and British Colonies.* Edited by F. S. Pulling, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford. *Austria-Hungary.* By David Kay, F.R.G.S. *Peru.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B. London: Sampson Low & Co.



manse diversities in its physical conditions and in its social and historical experiences; whereas Austria-Hungary is a congeries of many diverse territorial, ethnological, and political bodies, with no common organic unity of nature. But Mr. Markham's firm and light handling of his theme deserves a good share of credit for the satisfactory result. He seems equally conversant with the physical geography, the natural history and botany, of this singular country, with its architectural antiquities, which are still more wonderful, and with its economic and administrative prospects. At least he manages with equal success to convey a pretty clear idea of all these different matters to the reader; and we are not aware of any mistake or serious defect in his account of them. It would have been premature for him to speculate on the effects that may shortly follow the issue of the recent war between Peru and Chili. But we observe that Mr. Markham advises the Peruvian Republic to assign all its guano and nitrate of soda to the bondholders, and so to get rid at once of the public endowment and the public debt, and to start afresh, like a fairly certificated bankrupt, financially free and empty-handed. This suggestion may or may not be deemed worthy of practical consideration, but it at least shows that the author does not think the actual position of that too adventurous commonwealth entirely desperate. On the whole he is of opinion that, since the era of Peruvian independence, fifty-six years ago, there has been some degree of real progress, not only in material prosperity and in works of public utility, only too hastily carried on, but also in social civilization and the enlightenment of the people. We should be glad to know that it is so; and at any rate it is pleasant to read Mr. Markham's personal commendations of several distinguished Peruvians, the scholars and authors especially. The works of the politicians and administrators must speak for themselves.

The chapter describing the natural conditions of Peru, dividing the country into three regions, the Coast, the Sierra, and the Montana, is a masterly piece of exposition. In each region separately, the mountains, plains, and valleys, the general configuration, altitude, and climate, the river-system, the flora and fauna, are precisely indicated; and the subdivisions of each region are marked with reference to these peculiar features. It is a complete little scientific essay, leaving an intelligible and consistent impression both of the whole and the parts. Mr. Markham next proceeds to give some account of the Yncas and other ancient nations who inhabited Peru before the Spanish conquest; and then follows a description of the principal remains of their big and laborious buildings, their aqueducts, tanks, and artificial terraces for cultivation. The reader may be led to seek a more ample and minute acquaintance with these marvellous constructions in the pages of Squier and Hutchinson, and of several native writers in Spanish whose works have been translated. Our curiosity is aroused, not only with regard to the Yncas, the imperial nation which inhabited the upland midland region of Cuzco, but also concerning the people of Chinu, in the northern part of the coast, about Truxillo. These are called Yncas, and must be entirely distinguished from Yncas or Incas; but they would appear, from the architectural remains, to have been a powerful, wealthy, and ingenious nation. Mr. Markham abstains from those discussions of problematical ethnology which are so tempting upon this ground, amidst the striking proofs—monumental, linguistic, and traditional—that diverse richly-endowed nations, branches of the Quichua-Aymara race, had grown there to a high degree of independent civilization.

The modern and quite recent public works of the Republic are described by Mr. Markham as "beginning to vie with the deeds of the Yncas." He approves of all the short coast railroads which connect the seaports of Payta, Lambayeque, Pacasmayo, Truxillo and Salaverry, Callao, Pisco, Mollendo, Ilo, Arica, and Iquique with towns or productive agricultural districts, or with those yielding nitrate of soda for export trade. But the ambitious and, as he says, "stupendous" works of this kind over the western and central Cordillera ranges seem to have been prematurely undertaken by President Baita's Government ten or twelve years ago. The line from Callao and Lima to Oroya, in the lofty plain of Xauxa, ascends to a height of 15,645 feet, with sixty-three tunnels, many huge cuttings, and costly viaducts and embankments, at an expense already reaching 4,625,000*l*. The line from Arequipa to Puno, on the shore of Lake Titicaca, which has cost hitherto 4,346,000*l*., presented fewer engineering difficulties, but is 232 miles long. It is more than doubtful whether these railroads will soon become remunerative. The total outlay for the Peruvian railway system, when completed, with a length of 2,000 miles, will be 37,500,000*l*.. Such an exhibition of constructive enterprise, in proportion to the size and population of the State, is scarcely equalled by any of those British colonies the situation of which may be compared with that of Peru. It is true that British private and joint-stock undertakings, at the ports of Callao and Pisco, and in the navigation of inland rivers, leading eastward to the Amazon and the Atlantic, have much improved the facilities of commerce. With peace for ten years, and with ordinary prudence and capacity in its government—if such things were possible in Spanish America—the prosperity of Peru ought to be as great as anything that the New World has yet beheld.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE Christmas books which have as yet reached us are more remarkable for quantity than for quality. A flock of brilliant cloth covers, a crowd of woodcuts, is the general impression left on the weary eye and brain. A fable after the manner of *Æsop's* boys and frogs might be written on Christmas books. They are fun to the children for whom they are manufactured, but they are a serious matter to the critic, who occupies the place of the frogs in this simple apologue. As the weeks go on, however, and as publishers bring out their really serious attempts at decorative books, the reviewer is a prey to mingled envy and regret. He regrets the good Dutch paper that is too often spoiled by bad illustrations, he covets the etchings which illustrate the more successful volumes. Messrs. Macmillan have already put forth a volume of etchings, *The Granta and the Cam, from Byron's Pool to Ely* (drawn and etched by R. Farren), which redeems the faults of many grievous Christmas books. Here is a collection of etchings which are a pure delight to every lover of river scenery, and which must be an especial joy to every Cambridge man. The plates are beautifully printed on thick rough paper, and, as a rule, they are cleverly "drawn and etched." We do not gather from these words on the title-page that Mr. Farren etched his designs on the copper from nature, as is the manner of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Seymour Haden. He seems first to have made drawings, and then to have translated these on to the copper. His attempts are not all of equal merit. In "Byron's Pool" the attempt to draw the foaming waters of the lasher results in a series of symmetrical bubbles, big and little. In "Chaucer's Mill," too, we are not satisfied with the drawing of still water; and the shore lines are coarsely indicated in "Grantchester Meadows," where the fisherman struggling with a pike or chub is armed with a rod like a weaver's beam. But in his studies of buildings Mr. Farren is far more fortunate; and we do not know how to praise him sufficiently for his beautiful and melancholy "Queen's Bridge" and his "Magdalene College." These are etchings worthy of being framed and hung where they can always be in view. Perhaps next year Mr. Farren may try to do for Isis and "the stripling Thames" what he has done for Granta and Cam. He is not unworthy to illustrate *The Scholar Gipsy*.

Messrs. Dalziel's *Bible Gallery* is bound in vellum and leatherette, and lettered in red and gold. The hinges of the binding, however, are scarcely strong enough for the work they have to do. What is leatherette? We greatly prefer leather when durability is required. The book contains sixty-nine woodcuts of Biblical subjects from designs by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Watts, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Simeon Solomon, Mr. E. G. Dalziel, Mr. T. Dalziel, Mr. Burne Jones, and other eminent artists. In the President's "Cain and Abel," the foreshortened body of the slain brother is powerfully drawn. Cain shows a remorse out of keeping with the cool impudence which he presently exhibited. That Noah was in the "iron stage" of culture we gather from the design of his adze in Mr. Watts's "Building of the Ark." Mr. Dalziel's "Deluge" is very like a Scotch picnic on a "saft" day. The same artist rather drolingly copes with "The Destruction of Sodom." Mr. Simeon Solomon's "Melchizedek Blessing Abraham" misses, in the woodcut, the artist's best gift, the rendering of textures. Indeed we seriously miss in each woodcut the peculiarities of each artist's manner. There is originality in Sir F. Leighton's "Samson at the Mill," but in scarcely any other example could we have guessed the artist from the style of the woodcut. In almost all the other designs, the individuality of the painter is lost in a kind of "Sunday" quality of work, and even Mr. Burne Jones's ladies are not recognizable. We must except from this censure the President's drawing of Samson slaying the lion, and his most powerful sketch of Samson carrying the gates of Gaza. A glance at the gates of Shalmanezar in the British Museum will show the nature of the Hebrew giant's exploit. We miss Mr. Riviere's "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

*Jack and Jill: a Village Story* (Louisa M. Alcott. Sampson Low and Co.)—It is hardly necessary to say much about Miss Alcott's new story. Her name is a guarantee that we shall find in it nice healthy-minded boys and girls whose virtue is often far above their grammar. As might be expected from the title, Jack and Jill are two little friends who get a terrible fall while "coasting," but undergo an immense amount of petting all the time they are getting well. English readers lay down these and similar books with the feeling that American days must be at least ten times as long as ours, and American mothers at least twenty times as long-suffering. They also have curious sensations as to the free-and-easy terms on which everybody lives; but here we tread on grave social problems, and must stop.

The long story in *Aunt Judy's Christmas Annual* (George Bell and Sons), by the author of the *Rose Garden*, is called "Princess Alethea," and belongs to what may be labelled "stepmother literature," which forms a leading feature of the Christmas books this year. Surely children will get sadly puzzled when they come fresh from the cruel stepmother of Grimm and Hans Andersen, and all the other fairy stories, to the wise and patient lady of modern tales, who is always in the right, and who submits meekly to any amount of bullying on the part of her husband's children. Apart from this, "Princess Alethea" is very natural and sensible, and worthy of taking a prominent rank among the well-chosen scraps that go to make up this Annual. There may be children,

however, who prefer *märchen* like the Irish "Black Thief," in which the stepmother is neither so good nor so fortunate.

*Yellow Cap; and other Fairy Stories for Children* (Julian Hawthorne. Longmans and Co.)—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has here undertaken a task beyond his power, and, as far as we know, beyond the power of any one living, for the art of writing fairy stories died with Hans Andersen. The idea of *Yellow Cap* is not a new one, being merely that of a young man who is ready to barter love for wealth and power, and who finds out his mistake in time. The story, however, would not have been the worse for that, had the conception been well worked out; but Mr. Hawthorne has tried to satirize modern manners and customs, and the result is unsuccessful. The second story of "Rumpty Dudget" is simpler and better; but in all of them there is more love-making than is desirable for children to read about.

*Nimpo's Troubles* (Olive Thorne Miller. Griffith and Farran).—This is a capital history of the adventures of some most troublesome children, who were left by their parents to board out for a month, while they themselves went to a distant city. The experience, though very good for the children, must have been rather an expensive one in many ways, not only on account of the number of clothes belonging to herself and her mother that Nimpo contrived to spoil, but also from the number of articles which she obtained from her father's store. Of the illustrations the less said the better, both in this and in the other stories that we have noticed. It is a pity that bad pictures should be considered necessary, if good ones cannot be had.

*Two Rose Trees: the Adventures of Twin Sisters* (Mrs. Minnie Douglas. Griffith and Farran).—We have always thought that it must be rather dull to be a twin, and the *Two Rose Trees* confirms this impression. Two amiable infants go about (*vide* the illustrations) with their arms round each other's very large waists; they both speak at once, saying exactly the same things, and share every thought. They have no moral infirmities of any sort, and end by being endowed with all good things.

*Right and Wrong* (Griffith and Farran).—This is the history of another pair of twins; only here, in order to point the necessary moral, one gives way to her little tempers, while the other resists them. Instead of the parents sending the naughty twin to school, or taking other violent measures to break her in, she is reasoned with at some length by her father and mother, a lady who tells her little girl that "the acquisition of knowledge is indeed, my dear child, one of the highest gratifications of the human mind." The twins were blest in their new companion. "Miss Simpson was a very beautiful little girl. She had conquered her faults, and therefore was very amiable. She had attended to instruction, and therefore was very clever." In spite of association with this gifted creature, Rosa does not mend her ways, but ends as untidily as she began.

*Peacock Alley* (The Rev. Frederick Langbridge. Hatchards).—Peacock Alley was the haunt of various low characters, and the home of a little boy and girl who are the hero and heroine of this story. They run away just as their father is on the point of being arrested for murder. The girl loses herself with her kitten, is picked up by the manager of a penny theatre, and, with three hours' preparation, makes an unexampled success on the boards. After two months of this life, which she thoroughly enjoys, it is a surprise to find her becoming a domestic character on the first opportunity.

*Chryssie's Hero* (Annette Lyster. S.P.C.K.)—Chryssie is the very small peg on which her "hero" hangs. He is an Irish boy, brought up by his old great-uncle, and on the death of the latter—when Frank, the hero, is sixteen—he is sent to live with his mother's brother, a most successful and most repulsive crammer. The life is a terrible one, as the only diversion the six boys have is the surreptitious one of getting out at night and going to some billiard-rooms at Woolwich. However, in one way or another, they are all released in time, when they immediately turn and rend their tutor by spreading reports of his treatment of them. Miss Lyster has broken quite new ground, for which her readers will be grateful to her.

*Beatrice Melton's Discipline* (Maude Jeanne Franc. Sampson Low and Co.)—*Beatrice Melton's Discipline* is not so much a story as a maunder without beginning or end, or very much middle. It contains a great many characters, all of whom, if not religious to start with, ultimately become so. The heroine and autobiographer does not seem so intimately acquainted with her relations' Christian names as she is with their spiritual prospects; for in one page her brother is spoken of as "Geoffrey" and in another as "Godfrey." Mr. Baraud appears on the scene as "Mr. Barnard"; while even Beatrice's own name is sometimes converted into "Bertie." Has Miss Franc herself quailed before the task of reading her own story in the proof-sheets?

*The Girl's Own Annual* ("Leisure Hour" Office).—This is a large and weighty book, containing most varied matter. There are several long stories, the two most important of which are "Zara; or, My Granddaughter's Money," and "More than Coronets," by Mrs. Linneus Banks. There are, besides, endless shorter tales, adorned with pictures of young people in sentimental attitudes; but the most curious and instructive part of the whole is perhaps the columns devoted to recipes for enabling girls to keep their beauty, and answers to a singular race of correspondents who are ignorant how "beau" should be pronounced, and inquire if Vandyke and Rubens are poets.

*Little Britain* (Washington Irving. Illustrated by C. O. Murray. Sampson Low and Co.)—After the terrible pictures

we have been doomed to contemplate, it is a real pleasure to meet with these illustrations which Mr. C. O. Murray has made to Washington Irving's book. They are not only clever in conception, but they are well and carefully executed, and tell their own stories with much humour. The small architectural bits are particularly good.

*Captain Eva* (Kathleen Knox. S. P. C. K.)—Captain Eva was the name given to herself by a very singular little girl who, after having gone through the Indian Mutiny as an infant, would obey nothing but what she called martial law, and addressed her father as "Colonel." The story is certainly original, and so is the Captain's school, which seems to have offered every luxury of the season.

*Tasmanian Friends and Foes* (Louisa Anne Meredith. Marcus Ward and Co.) is a sketch of the manners and customs of the principal birds, animals, and fishes of Tasmania. Its style is colloquial, as it is supposed to be compiled by a young colonial girl for the benefit of her English cousin. In this way a great deal of information is very pleasantly conveyed; but we are sorry to say that in this instance, as in many others, the illustrations are not equal to the letterpress.

*Bertie and his Sister* (Alfred Engelbach. S. P. C. K.)—This is not a very favourable specimen of a child's book. The moral, which lies on the surface, is that of the sin of procrastination; but the author has attempted to put too much incident into the story, and has failed to make it natural.

*The Heir of Kilmannan* (W. H. G. Kingston. Sampson Low and Co.)—The "Heir of Kilmannan" refers, of course, not to the obvious heir, who dies, but to his cousin, who appears throughout the book—first as a fisher-boy, and then as a midshipman. He is invested with his true rank just in time to save the fine feelings of the supposed heiress, his cousin Lady Nora, with whom he is in love, and who has decided views about *mésalliances*. There is plenty of excitement in the book, and when the characters are not fighting at sea, they are being besieged on land.

*A Tearful Victory* (Darley Dale. S. P. C. K.) is another story of a stepmother and some very well drawn but most unbearable children over whom she had to rule. Of course in the end they become devoted to her, but the preliminary process was both long and trying. The book is well written, and avoids preaching.

*The Belfry of St. Jude* (Esmé Stuart. S. P. C. K.)—Miss Stuart has a great gift for writing stories which are simple and yet out of the common, and interesting to children as well as to their elders. The Belfry of St. Jude was an old tower in a French town, which had become a dwelling-house, and held two families, whose lives became closely connected. There are enough incidents to preserve the tale from the tameness which is so often the blot of this kind of literature.

*Pansie's Flour Bin* (Author of "St. Olave's." Macmillan and Co.) *Pansie's Flour Bin* begins very well, but degenerates about the middle into a poor copy of *Alice in Wonderland*.

*The House on the Bridge; and other Tales* (C. E. Bowen. Griffith and Farran).—These stories are well chosen and interesting. "Scrap's Mission" is a pathetic tale about a dog, while "Mary Raymond's Promise" tells of the adventures that befell a little girl in her efforts to get back to her father. The book has no false sentiment, and is very good reading for children.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

AFTER twenty-seven years Jakob Burckhardt's survey of the age of Constantine (1) reappears, with important additions and alterations, as substantially a new work. Few eras, it need hardly be said, are more interesting for the influence they have exercised on the destinies of the world; few are less attractive with respect to the characters of those by whom these mighty issues were determined. In no period equally eventful, perhaps, has creative genius, whether of the imaginative or the practical order, been at so low an ebb. Among the crowd of mediocrities, two remarkable figures stand forth—Constantine, a prosaic Augustus, and Athanasius, the first type of the ecclesiastical statesman in the Western world. Herr Burckhardt has made hardly any attempt to depict these remarkable persons, and his work will disappoint all who expect the animation and picturesqueness of a history. It is rather an essay on a phase of culture, like the author's well-known work on the Renaissance; and from this point of view there is hardly a page that is not agreeable and instructive. The momentous revolution in the religion of the Empire is of course by far the most remarkable phenomenon of the time, and this may be approached either on the side of the progress of the new faith or of the decay of the old. Herr Burckhardt has preferred the latter. In three very interesting chapters he sketches, first, the *theocrasia*, or general mixing up of all the deities of the various constituents of the Roman Empire into one uncouth Pantheon; secondly, the remarkable reaction of the second and third centuries, quite independently of Christian influences, in the direction of the doctrine of personal immortality, and of the wild and mystical ideas, akin to modern Spiritualism, which it brought in its train; lastly, the general growth of barbarism and perversion of the standards of antique taste, even in such matters as costume and pronunciation.

(1) *Die Zeit Constantins des Grossen*. Von Jakob Burckhardt. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.



To these causes must be added the failure of Diocletian's persecution, a step on the part of that generally wise and just ruler whose causes still remain obscure, notwithstanding the careful investigation of so many modern writers. Herr Barchhardt has devoted a special chapter to it, and is evidently, and with reason, more interested in Diocletian than in his nominal hero Constantine. The latter was indeed a warrior and a statesman, but such a one as most ages can produce. Diocletian is a problem from every point of view—in his astonishing rise, his wonderfully dramatic abdication, his military triumphs without military genius, his remarkable ascendancy over fierce and cultivated natures, the contrast between his ordinary wisdom and such questionable measures as the persecution of the Christians and the attempt to fix the price of commodities; most of all, in the singular alliance of homely, practical sagacity with the far-fetched ingenuity of a political machinery far too refined to work. The last chapter sketches Constantine's almost entirely Orientalized court, administration, and army.

There was undoubtedly room for such a biography of Blücher as Dr. Wigger (2) has given us—a work complete in itself, though only enlarged from a section of his exhaustive history of Blücher's family. No independent biography of much pretension previously existed. Varnhagen's is indeed classical, like all his biographies; but it is only one member of a collection of lives, and is not based upon an adequate review of documentary evidence. Much matter of importance—as, for instance, Baron Mülling's autobiography—has been published since Varnhagen wrote, and his narrative is devoid of that authority in military matters which Dr. Wigger's has received from the express approbation of the greatest of living strategists, Marshal von Moltke. The Marshal's imprimatur alone would denote that it is written from a strictly national point of view; but it is creditably free from the narrow patriotism and unseemly arrogance which too frequently characterize German histories of German triumphs. If there is any exception to the general impartiality and candour of the narrative, it is in the claims preferred on behalf of the Prussians to the principal share in the victory at Waterloo—a controversy in which Englishmen can well afford to imitate the proud reticence of Wellington. No one, however, can read the book without a hearty admiration for the stout old Marshal, whose faults served him almost as well as his finer qualities. A higher intellectual organization would have made him more circumspect, and would have tempered the impetuosity and impaired the tenacity to which, more than to his military abilities, he was indebted for his success. In temperament he greatly resembled Nelson, but he had scarcely more of Nelson's genius as a tactician than of Wellington's genius as an administrator.

The fifteenth volume of Dr. Georg Weber's *Universal History* (3) is devoted to the history of the nineteenth century, between 1830 and 1851. It is divided into two parts, the first appropriately entitled "Between Two Revolutions," the second detailing the revolutionary and reactionary movements of 1848 and the three following years. The volume is prefaced by a review of the intellectual and social condition of Europe at the opening of the eventful period delineated, and closed by a summary of the literature, science, and art of the age down to the present time. The execution is careful and conscientious throughout, allowance being made for the disproportionate prominence accorded to German affairs, and the multitude of topics inevitably treated at second hand. Thus, for instance, Anselm Feuerbach, one of many excellent German historical painters, is noticed at sixty times the length accorded to perhaps the greatest landscape painter the world has seen, who happens to be an Englishman; and the character of each notice shows that Dr. Weber has no first-hand acquaintance with the subject of either.

The ethnological affinities of the Roumanian nation (4) constitute a problem difficult in itself, and still more perplexed by reason of the strong party spirit imparted into the investigation. The Roumans themselves naturally wish to pass for the lineal descendants of the Roman colonists settled in Dacia by Trajan. It has, however, been frequently contended of late, especially by Hungarian writers, that the Latin settlers left no lineal representatives, and that the existing Roumans are immigrants from Macedonia, where a large "Vlach" population is found at this day. Herr Pic, evidently a very competent authority, is entirely adverse to this theory; but his own notion that the Roumans are in the main Romanized Slavonians will be hardly more acceptable to their patriotic Slavs. In fact, from the statesman's point of view, the generally pernicious maxim "that the truth is what man troweth" is perfectly applicable to the historical side of the question of nationalities.

Christian Kunth (5), though better known on his friends' and pupils' account than his own, was nevertheless an excellent man, whose biography is well worthy of the preservation to which it is indebted for the pious care of his grandsons. He was an admirable type of the Prussian bureaucrat of the old school—conscientious, methodical, laborious, and patriotic. In his younger days he was tutor to the brothers Humboldt, whose regard he retained through-

out his life; at a later period, engaged in the Prussian Civil Service, and immersed in financial and economical business, he formed a close friendship with Stein, and corresponded with him for many years. Stein's letters have, unfortunately, disappeared. He took an honourable, although a subordinate, rank among the restorers of Prussian prosperity after the overthrow Prussia received from Napoleon; but his usefulness seems to have been impaired, and his official position compromised, by misunderstandings with his superiors and by his hypochondriacal temper. An appendix contains, with other matter, an interesting report, dated 1817, on the question of Protection and Free-trade, pronouncing in favour of the latter.

Herr Hübbe-Schleiden (6) is an advocate of what would be called in England an Imperial policy. He wishes his countrymen to become a great colonizing nation. The objection is obvious that all the parts of the earth adapted for European occupation are already colonized by other nations, and that the tardy German is in the position of the poet in Schiller's ballad. Herr Schleiden replies by distinguishing between settlements and factories. He would have his countrymen establish themselves at suitable points of naturally fertile but barbarous countries, and gradually educate the natives to steady industry and improved methods of production, receiving the fruits of their labour, and supplying them with German products. This seems the only feasible method of developing the resources of regions too populous or too unhealthy for European colonization, and it is remarkable that it should be simultaneously and independently recommended by the Italian traveller D'Albertis as the best way of dealing with New Guinea. The systematic pursuit of such a policy, however, would require more concentration of purpose than can be expected from a State agitated by internal dissensions, and harassed by apprehensions of her neighbours.

Edward von Hartmann's (7) latest contribution to the philosophy of pessimism is an endeavour to provide it with a scientific basis by putting it upon the broad shoulders of Immanuel Kant. Kant was certainly not a Utopian or a highly sentimental theorist; but it is more than doubtful whether he would have assented to the proposition that existence is necessarily an evil. Even this dogma, however, which seems to be all that Hartmann contends for, is very far from amounting to a thoroughgoing pessimism. Such a view would admit of no remedy for human ills short of absolute annihilation; whereas the serenity and self-mastery which Hartmann promises on condition of accepting his lugubrious doctrines would insure a degree of felicity enough for any philosopher less exacting than Fourier, who would be satisfied with nothing short of turning the ocean into lemonade. In fact, Hartmann travels from pessimistic premises to an optimistic conclusion; and the argument of his book is so far justified that he has himself insensibly substituted for the genuine Buddhism of Schopenhauer a modified Stoicism, highly ethical and respectable, but which would have attracted comparatively little attention if its first appearance had not been in masquerade.

Dr. Eugen von Schmidt (8) criticizes what he considers the immoderate importance attached by Professor Max Müller to forms of expression as originators of religious ideas, and to etymology as a clue to the signification of myths. His own view is substantially the old one, that primitive religion begins with the deification of natural forces and visible objects.

*Theogony and Astronomy*, by Anton Krichenbauer (9), is an example of the now almost exploded system of interpretation which explains all religious beliefs and all poetical allusions as astronomical symbols. To Herr Krichenbauer, the Homeric poems are a sidereal, instead of a solar, myth; the scene of the *Iliad* is laid in Cilicia; the Achivi are goats (*aiyēs*), in compliment to Capricorn. Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian mythologies are dealt with in a similar fashion. Herr Krichenbauer is always ingenious, and his erudition is so abundant that he could well afford to exchange some of it for a little common sense.

There is erudition enough, and sense enough, in H. Steinthal's minor writings (10), but they are too abstruse to be read by any but the most accomplished philologists.

Herr Ludwig Noiré (11) has a remarkable faculty for presenting mere truisms in the guise of profound discoveries. This endowment is admirably displayed in his essay on the genesis of prehistoric tools, the matter of which is generally only open to criticism on the ground of superfluity, but whose style might have afforded a model to the author of *Typical Developments*. It is provoking to be informed at the end of a long disquisition on the question how tools *must* have been made, that recent discoveries have shown how they *were* made; and that the writer could have told us from the first, had he not considered it more dignified and becoming to resort to "the deductive method."

(6) *Ueberseische Politik. Eine culturwissenschaftliche Studie mit Zahlenbildern.* Von Hübbe-Schleiden. Hamburg: Friderichsen & Co. London: Nutt.

(7) *Zur Geschichte und Begründung des Pessimismus.* Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Die Philosophie der Mythologie und Max Müller.* Von Dr. Eugen von Schmidt. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Theogonie und Astronomie.* Von A. Krichenbauer. Wien: Konegen. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Gesammelte Kleine Schriften.* Von H. Steinthal. Th. i. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(11) *Das Werkzeug und seine Bedeutung für die Entwicklungsgeschichte der Menschheit.* Von L. Noiré. Mainz: Diemer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Feldmarschall Fürst Blücher von Wahlstatt.* Von Dr. F. Wigger. Schwerin: Stiller. London: Nutt.

(3) *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte.* Von Dr. G. Weber. Bd. 15. Abth. 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolkemann.

(4) *Ueber die Abstammung der Rumänen.* Von J. L. Pic. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Das Leben des Staatsrath Kunth.* Von F. und P. Goldschmidt. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

The organization of the German book trade (12) must be complicated indeed, seeing that Herr Schürmann finds it necessary to devote three volumes to the subject. The first, the only one as yet published, is mainly historical, detailing the legislative measures adopted from time to time, the peculiarities of the great Leipzig book fair, so long the centre of the trade, the abuses with which the business was from time to time infested, and the development of copyright and of legal protection against piracy. The second part will describe the usages which regulate the transactions of booksellers *inter se*, and the third their relations to the writers of books.

Mme. von Gerold's (13) book of travel in Spain is merely the record of an ordinary tour, but is nevertheless very pleasing, from the constant good-humour of the author, who, though evidently not unaware of the besetting ills of Spain, is in ecstasies with her journey from first to last, and declines to receive or record any impressions of a less pleasurable nature.

Although not containing a word of German, a little selection of Russian poems, with an Italian translation, edited by Signor de Gubernatis (14), is perhaps entitled to mention among German books from the place of its publication, and a point may at all events be strained in favour of a collection of such genuine interest and literary merit. The versions always read agreeably, and a general affinity of spirit and sentiment, tinged with the uniform melancholy with which translations of Russian fiction have familiarized us, seems to attest their fairly representative character. The form selected may not always be the most suitable; it is easy even for those entirely unacquainted with Russian to discern that the rapid lyrical movements of Rilief's "Voinarovski" and of Pushkin's fine address to Ovid must have parted with much of their original character in passing into the stately and dignified blank verse of the Italian translator. There are altogether forty-nine pieces, the longest of which are the "Voinarovski" already mentioned and Lermontov's "Demon," one of the few Russian poems which have attained a European reputation.

Professor Sells's edition of the First Part of *Faust* (15) is unquestionably the best ever produced in this country for the purposes of the student. The concise, condensed notes explain every real difficulty with no mere ostentation of learning. Some few are perhaps superfluous, and here and there a very slight slip may be noticed; such as the employment of "contemptive" for "contemptuous"; and the rendering of *Geiste* in the satire upon Nicolai by "wits" instead of "wit," which destroys the point of the passage. The introductory chapter on the stock mistakes of English translators (many of them sufficiently pardonable) is entertaining as well as scholarly, and the history of the composition of the poem itself will be found most interesting by all genuine students. Professor Sells's profounder criticism is perhaps occasionally somewhat too profound; it seems, for instance, needless to look very far for reasons for the introduction of a witches' kitchen, or a witches' sabbath, into a drama founded on a compact with the fiend. Professor Sells also seems a little uncertain as to the moral purpose of *Faust*, which cannot indeed be properly apprehended without the Second Part. Without this sequel Goethe could not have answered as he did, when questioned respecting *Wilhelm Meister*:—"What, after all, the whole would appear to convey is that man, in spite of all his follies and aberrations, yet, led by a higher hand, attains a happy consummation at last."

Fanny Lewald's Christmas stories (16) are not remarkable in any way, but may still be recommended to readers in quest of pleasant and innocent German fiction that is not tedious. *Zünftig* (17) is a fair average circulating-library novel. "Two Years on the River Plate" (18), though but indifferently written, is redeemed from this category by the peculiar local colouring, and the author's manifest acquaintance with Monte Videan manners and politics. There is also power, though of a crude and artless sort, in the contrast between the deep and serious character of the young German immigrant, and his frivolous, yet impassioned, South American wife. "The White Lady of Greifenstein" (19) is a romantic story, readable enough, but with no literary pretensions.

The most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (20) is another of those confidential memoranda of the Russian Government whose main interest is derived, not so much from their actual contents, as from the mere fact of their being allowed to get

into print in Germany. It is difficult to believe that this could happen without the connivance of Prince Bismarck, and the circumstance imparts an almost semi-official character to the editor's sturdy assertion of the inflexible determination of the German Government to resist Pan Slavism in the Balkan peninsula. The memorandum itself relates to the Cretan crisis of 1869, and contains ample evidence of the ill-will of Russia to Greece as well as to Austria. An article on Nordenskjöld's discoveries draws attention to the strong probability that the northernmost portion of the Old World, as of the New, will prove to consist of an archipelago of very large islands. Dr. Geffcken's review of the Prince Consort's biography will please English readers, but contains nothing new to them; and, although Bret Harte's paper on the Age of Gold in California is no doubt correctly stated not to have been published before, it must be identical with the lecture delivered by him in London under the title of "The Argonauts." The most entertaining article in the number is the second part of Hase's Parisian correspondence under the Consulate, the very romance of philology. After being nearly starved from his ignorance of French, the modest young scholar is put into the way of a livelihood through his ability to talk Arabic with one of Napoleon's Mamelukes, and confirms his position by his fluency in modern Greek, which gains him the patronage of Villosion.

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(12) *Organisation und Rechtsgewohnheiten des Deutschen Buchhandels.* Von Aug. Schürmann. Th. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Eine Herbstfahrt nach Spanien.* Von Rosa von Gerold. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Melodie Russe.* Prima versione Italiana col testo Russo a fronte per E. W. Foulques e D. Ciampoli; con prefazione del Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. Lipsia: Gerhard. London: Kolckmann.

(15) *Goethe's Faust.* Part 1. The German Text, with English Notes and Introductory Remarks. By Albert M. Sells, Ph. D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(16) *Zu Weihnachten. Drei Erzählungen.* Von Fanny Lewald. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Zünftig.* Roman. Von Ludovika Heseckel. 3 Bde. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(18) *Zwei Jahre am Rio de la Plata.* Deutscher Original Roman von Carlos Navarro. 2 The. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

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